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AUGUST 16, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

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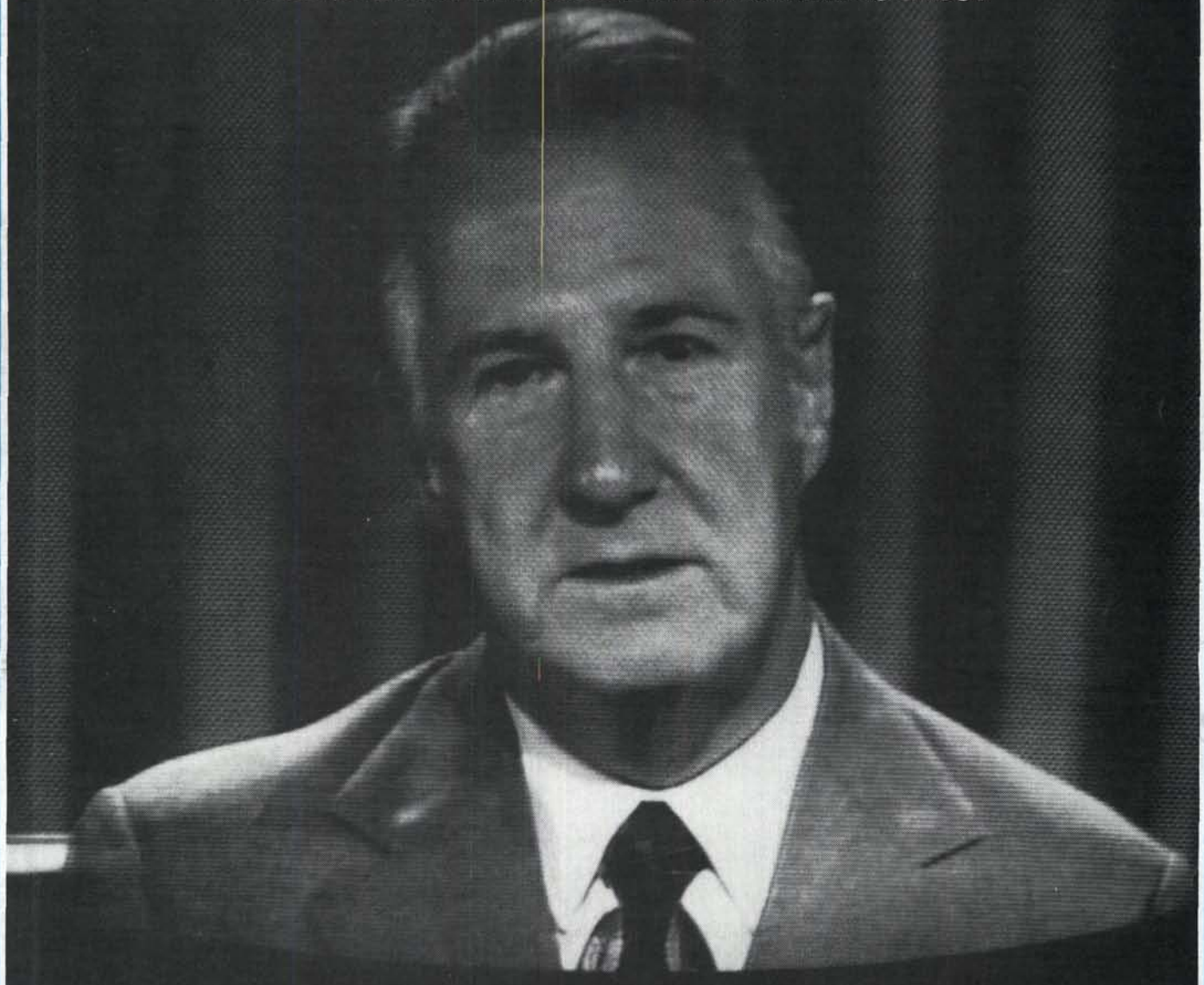

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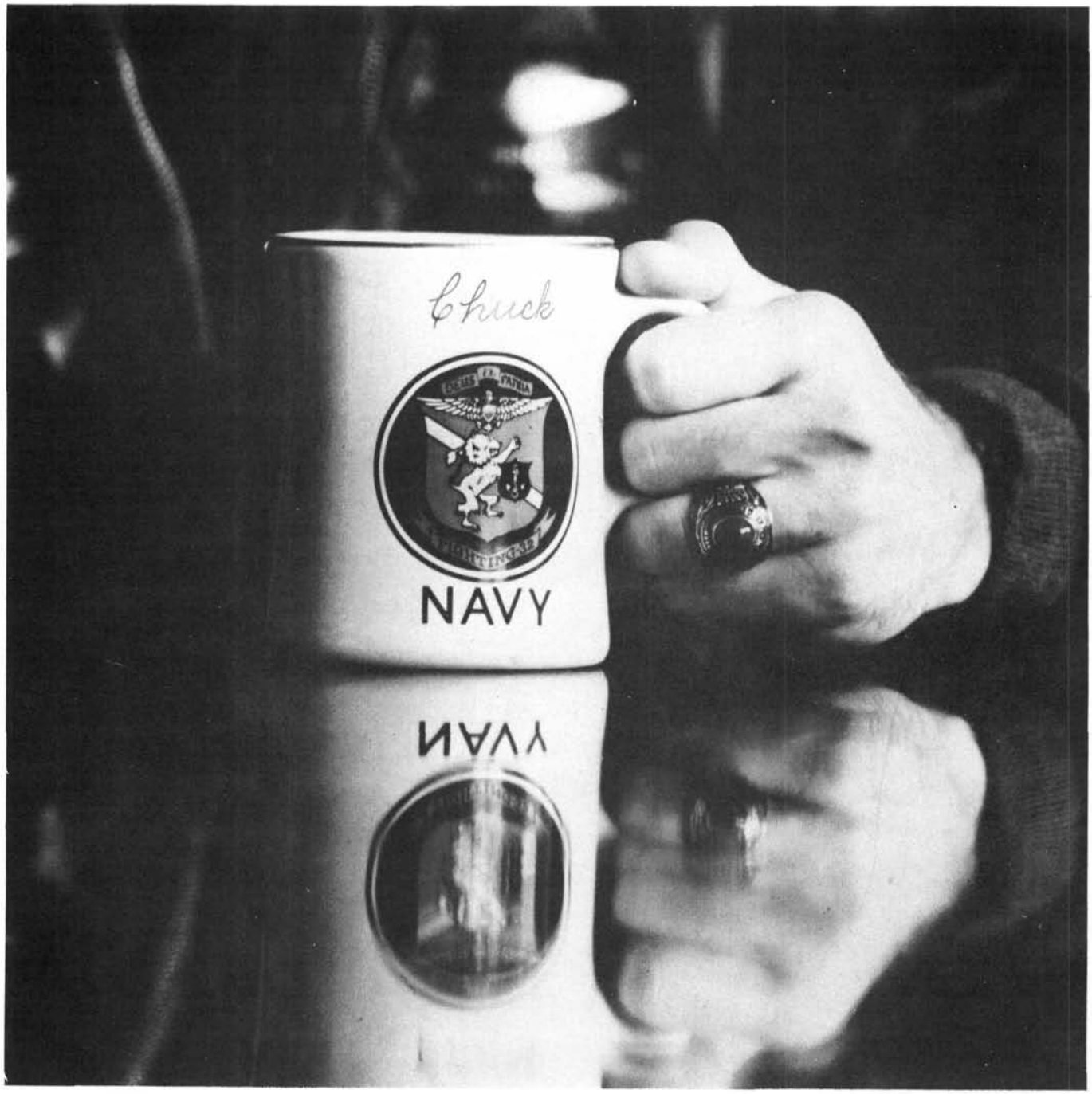

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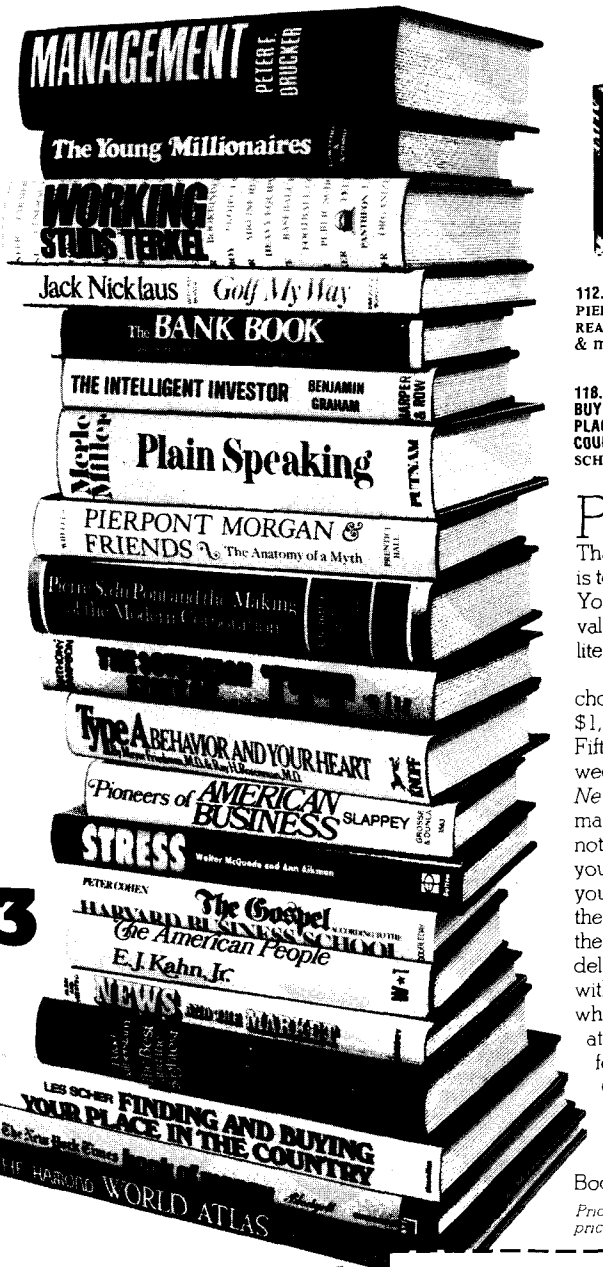

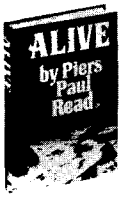

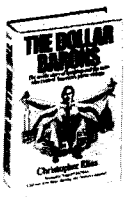

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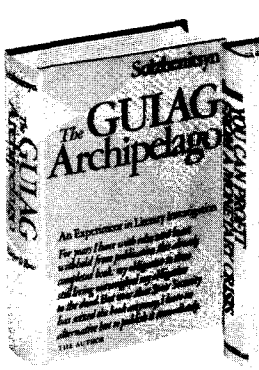

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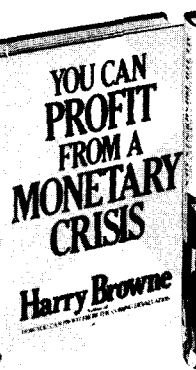

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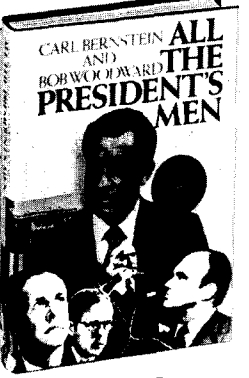

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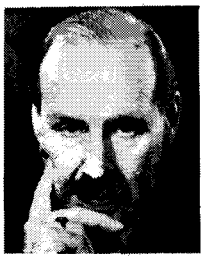

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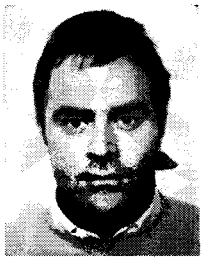

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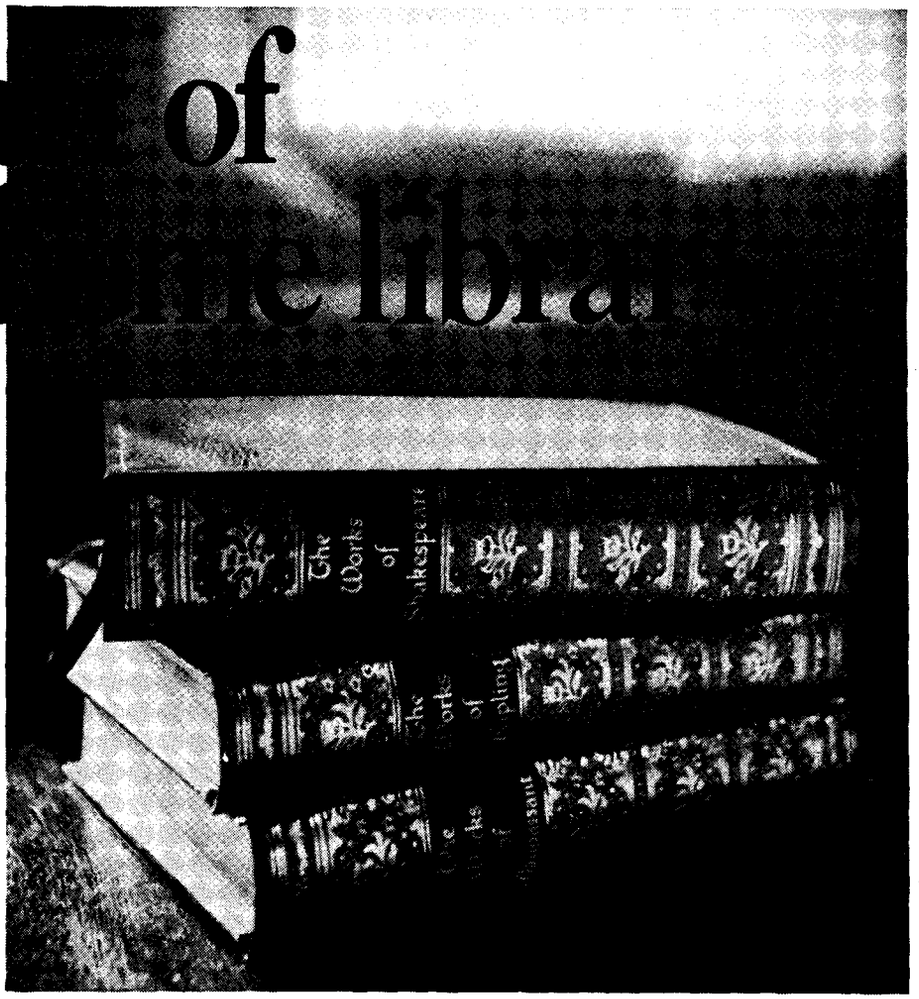

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Letters

The Cynics and Vietnam

Daniel Oliver ["A Passage through Indochina," August 2] raises a cynical point: that President Nixon cares only that Vietnam survive his term in office. (Surely the irony there is rich: the more the cynics are correct, the more Nixon deserves early retirement; the earlier he is separated from the White House, the better chance he has of having Vietnam survive his Administration—but I digress.) If the cynics are correct, what then of Graham Martin? Is he in on the plot too? Or is he making a valiant effort despite the cynical calculations of the Oval Office?

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. A. W. FARMER

Bouquets

I'd like to raise a toast to the new contents page and to all who had a part in its conception and its very happy July 19 execution.

It is not only a graphic refinement of real importance, but, I am pragmatically sure, will do its part in increasing cover-to-cover readership.

New York, N.Y. JOHN C. OTTINGER

I am delighted that NATIONAL REVIEW is no longer staffed by a group of faceless conservatives. Ever since you stopped using pictures of regular columnists as part of their logo, I have felt slightly out of touch: what can these people who have started writing for you since then look like? George Will, for example: I was downright startled to see in the August 2 issue that he is so young and amiable looking.

Congratulations on the new format.

Altoona, Pa. JANE PARKER

Who Pays?

I read with great interest Senator William Brock's proposal for a simplified national health insurance plan ["National Health Insurance Made Easy," June 7]. While it contained many attractive features, it had one serious drawback—the necessity that the patient pay for all medical costs out of his pocket, no matter how large, and then wait to be reimbursed through the income tax system.

This can be simply impossible for many people, as I can well testify, having just undergone three major operations during a five-week hospital stay. The total cost (hospital, doctors, etc.) will approximate my annual income, and our savings account is not exactly bulging at the seams. Short of selling my house, how could I survive financially under Senator Brock's plan? Fortunately, my Blue Cross insurance will cover the vast majority of my expenses, and, most importantly, all medical bills are being sent directly to them; they handle the part covered by my policy and then notify me of the amount I must pay.

Without this "bill the insurer" feature, Senator Brock's plan would be of limited benefit to those it is designed to help—those with large medical expenses.

Harbor City, Calif. FRED R. MILLER

President Park

In his recent interview with Peter Hyun ["A Talk with President Park," May 24] the president of South Korea says, "the vast majority of our people voted for the new constitution and for my presidency." This remark is in reference to Mr. Park's constitution of November 1972 and his subsequent reelection as president. I should like to set the record straight.

In 1969 Mr. Park had the old constitution amended so that he could seek a third term. And in October of 1972, as he was serving his last term under the new rule, Mr. Park declared martial law in the absence of any sign of national crisis, dissolved the National Assembly, and suspended the constitution itself. It was in this state of military siege that he had his new constitution adopted. Indeed, a large number of people did go to the polls in the November referendum, but we shall never know how they actually wanted to vote, for debate and competition had been completely banned. In December of that year Mr. Park was reelected by the newly created electoral college by a truly "vast majority": all but two of the 2,359 members voted for him, with the remaining two votes declared invalid. Mr. Park had been the only candidate. Under the present constitution he appoints one-third of the legislature and can also dissolve the whole body. Furthermore, he can be reelected for the rest of his life. At this very moment, under President Park's April 3 decree, scores of dissidents are awaiting trial

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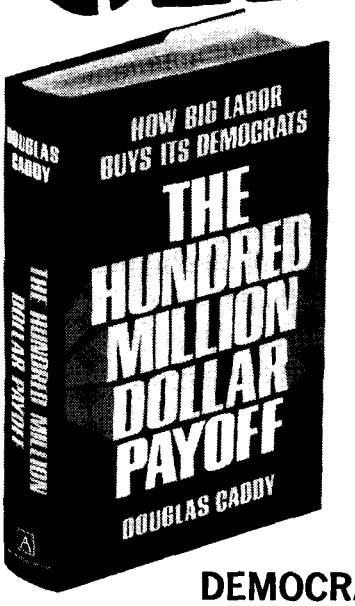

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Once upon a time, a Republican politician read a book.

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- This book *proves* that Democrats take dirty money—on a scale undreamed-of by voters (or by GOP fat cats).

The Democrats' Watergate

Douglas Caddy, a founder of YAF and first attorney for the Watergate 7 (but not involved in the caper in any way), found his evidence in *over 4,000 secret documents*. They came to light in a *little-known court case*.

The unions fought hard to keep their dirty linen out of sight. The media cooperated. But this book hangs it all out.

There's hardly a major Democrat who doesn't figure in this orgy of lawbreaking. If Republicans let the Democrats wriggle off this hook—well, then maybe the GOP does have a death wish.

DEMOCRATS AND UNION BIGWIGS LAUGH AT THE LAW

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- Interlocking political activities between unions and tax-exempt groups. Shouldn't these groups lose tax exemption?
- Labor's "nonpartisan" political stance: confidential documents *prove* it a fraud
- Private memo on "The Wallace Threat" from COPE Director Al Barkan to union leaders
- Explosive: the private correspondence between union officials and Democrat politicians—all reproduced here
- Business money: only 2 to 1 Republican. Labor money: at least 8 to 1 Democratic
- Detailed expose: labor's role in 6 Senate races from 1970 to the present: Philip Hart (Michigan), Frank Moss (Utah), Howard Metzenbaum (Ohio), Claiborne Pell (Rhode Island), Lee Metcalf (Montana), and Dick Clark (Iowa)
- What happens when a union member refuses to contribute to the candidates picked by the labor bosses?
- Lists of George Meany loyalists and other labor representatives on the Democratic National Committee, Democratic Charter Commission, Democratic Delegate Selection Commission
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by court-martial, which could bring them, if convicted, the death penalty, merely for having been involved in peaceful anti-government demonstrations.

Oneonta, N.Y. SUGWON KANG

A Mote in the Gimlet Eye

I cannot comment on what happened on that Saturday night when D. Keith Mano visited the Moreno Institute in Beacon, New York, because I wasn't there. But in his report on it ["Psychodramatics," July 5] he showed that there was a mote in the Gimlet Eye; in departing from his usual wide perception, Mr. Mano has burlesqued one of the most effective modalities in psychotherapy. Psychodrama is firmly established as a healing art. It is an integral part of the clinical program at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington and in institutions of all sorts that treat mental disorders, anxieties, antisocial behavior, and psychogenic symptoms. I have myself witnessed its curative power.

With Jacob L. Moreno, its innovator, dead, the leading teacher of psychodrama is his widow, Zerka T. Moreno. She was his close associate and fellow practitioner for more than 30 years. Making this devoted woman—whose gifts have succored hundreds and actually saved lives—an object of ridicule is only a little more seemly than japing about her having no right arm. The "forgotten embrace" which Mr. Mano speculates may account for its loss was in fact a surgical amputation, necessary to save her life from cancer.

Verbank, N.Y. MERLYN S. PITZELE

Age of Anxiety

Hugh Kenner's review of *The Poetry of Richard Milhous Nixon* [July 19] was too much: like all the truly first-rate works of this genre (cf. *The Overwrought Urn*), he never allowed the merest hint of a smile to break through the tone of deadpan Lit Crit. By the way, the poetry itself is not half bad: "I have been one way one time/ one way another" and "I can't give any answer/ To that/ That I can recall" are worthy of the best twentieth century poets.

Baltimore, Md. LAURA DI STEFANO

Post Hoc, Ergo?

Concerning your discussion of the use of index numbers as an anti-inflation device ["The Indexation Debate," July 5], additional observations seem warranted.

In the main your presentation appears to be objective and neutral, although on balance you seem to have followed *The Economist* in the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy. The most definite case of that error in logic is the reference to Finland's having abandoned the indexing device in 1970, following which its inflation rate changed from 5 to 8.2 per cent. One does not "know," indeed lacks good reason for believing, that the former caused the latter.

In conventional discussion of this topic, two other problems with "indexing away" an inflation typically are neglected or

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avoided altogether. For one, the argument often is presented as if indexes are general in purpose. The fundamental point of indexing, to the contrary, is to serve special purposes. Hence the CPI has the full title: Index of Change in Prices of Goods and Services Purchased by City Wage-Earner and Clerical-Worker Families to Maintain Their Level of Living. Other fairly well known price indexes are also special-purpose. For example, there are the Wholesale Price Index, Prices Received and Paid by Farmers, and Dow Jones Stock Averages. Another problem concerns information flow rates. That is to say, of the approximately 2,400 items covered by the CPI, current data on prices of some items are available within about a week, others lack reports for perhaps a month, and some lag upwards of six months. Patently, only with difficulty could the index be maintained on a current enough basis to serve well as an anti-inflationary device during periods of (some) rapidly changing prices.

Fayetteville, Ark. PATRICK ROSS HUNTLEY

Both The Economist *and* NR *specifically disavowed the notion that the historical record proves any causality. The Finland case was cited merely to neutralize* Time's *strong conclusion based on the German hyperinflation of the 1920s. We wrote, "there are, of course, examples of indexation accompanying accelerating, as well as decelerating, inflation," and quoted* The Economist *as saying "index-linking is no cure-all for inflation."*

All of the defects of index numbers which Mr. Huntley cites, and others as well (such as quality changes and new products), make it impossible ever to adjust perfectly for inflation. Most decisions have to be based on such imperfect information. But people will attempt to adjust for inflation in any case, and almost any systematic adjustment will probably be more accurate and more flexible than basing long term contracts on hunches about what the dollar will buy in 1977. —A.R.

Up, Up, and Away

I enjoyed Priscilla L. Buckley's article "Lift-Off" [July 19]. Ballooning and gliding have always appealed to me as a change from the noisy helicopter I fly.

But I have to point out another example of how Big Brother, in this case the state of New Jersey, can take the fun out of what you think is freedom. No aircraft can land in New Jersey (except in an emergency) unless the state of New Jersey licenses the landing area. One of our pilots was fined $60 for landing on a 500-acre farm. What do you think of *that*?

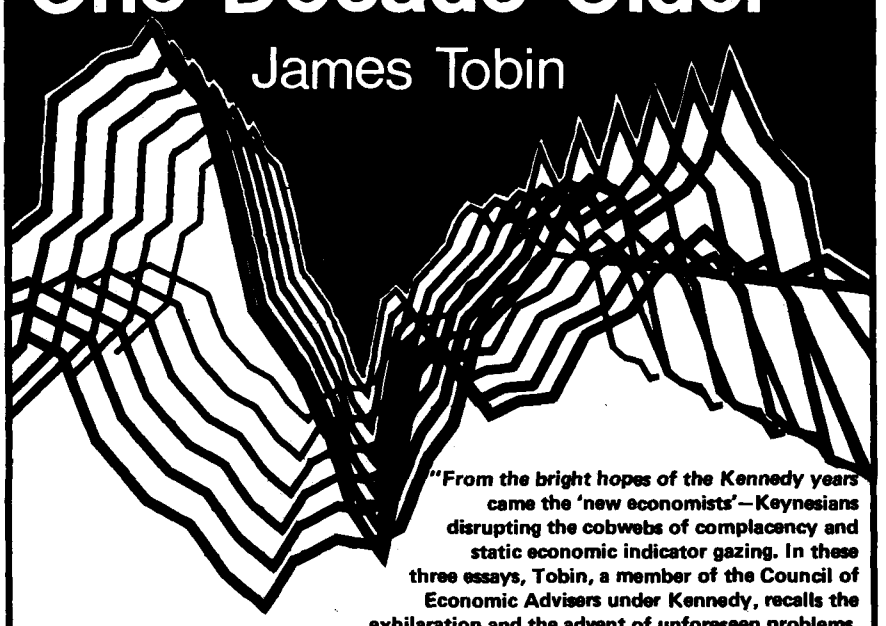
Hightstown, N.J. BRUCE B. DUFFY

After reading Priscilla Buckley's article on ballooning, I will automatically assume that NATIONAL REVIEW will have, in the future, an airier tone to it.

(Continues on page 941)

The New Economics One Decade Older

James Tobin



"From the bright hopes of the Kennedy years came the 'new economists'—Keynesians disrupting the cobwebs of complacency and static economic indicator gazing. In these three essays, Tobin, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers under Kennedy, recalls the exhilaration and the advent of unforeseen problems. . . . Tobin defends the record—he discusses the political clashes that prevented the 1963 tax cut, and he insists that it was the Indochina War that collapsed prosperity."—*The Kirkus Reviews* $6.50

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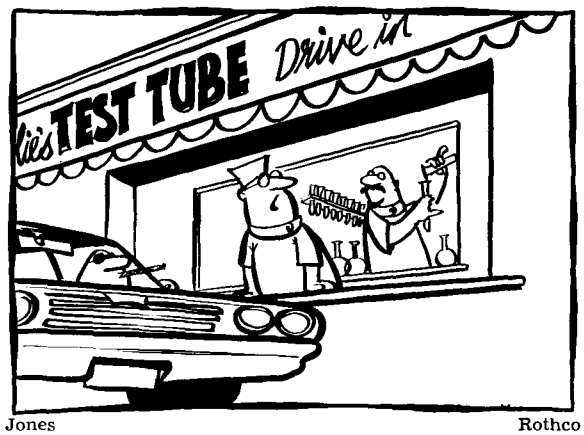
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's slippage all over the lot: Republican Congressmen **Sam Steiger** (Ariz.) and **Charles Gubser** (Calif.), **Nixon** men from way back, tell presidential counselor **Dean Burch** that "a stampede [to impeach] is developing in the House," and urge the President to call on the House for a swift vote to impeach—thus getting lots of hard-pressed GOP congressmen off the hook. Rep. **Barber Conable** of New York, respected head of the GOP Policy Committee in the House, is for it. "The idea [of a presidential call for impeachment] is being revived again in the hope that it will dilute the cup of hemlock we will have to drink." . . . Lots of House members, until last week counted among the anti-impeachment stalwarts, now hedging their bets. Minority Leader **John Rhodes** "had not reached any decision," he "is concerned about the evidence against the President." Representative **William** "lighght" **Scherle** (Iowa), called an ultraconservative by *Washington Post*, is "undecided," but he has "every reason in the world to look upon [the White House outfit] with revulsion"; former YAF leader **Bob Bauman** (Md.) "is deeply disturbed"; **John Rousselot** (Calif.) can't "rule out" a possible vote for impeachment; Sam Steiger sums up what most Republican House members are thinking: "It's a no-win situation. No matter how you vote, you antagonize constituents so you might as well vote your convictions." . . . **David Broder**, political columnist for the *Washington Post*, a man not given to exaggeration, writes on July 31, the day after the final Judiciary Committee votes on impeachment, that "there is very little doubt in their minds [the minds of **Gerald Ford**'s friends]—or almost anyone else's—that he [Ford] will be President before the year is out."



Jones Rothco

"Two females, blond—one male, brunette—all the trimmings, hold the blue eyes . . ."

. . . And Sen. **Robert Dole**, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, calls for increased security precautions for Jerry Ford. "It would be a tragedy of profound magnitude," says Dole, "if something should happen to Ford."

■ Small comfort for the President in other quarters. At meeting of Western Governors at Albuquerque last week, Republican Gov. **Tom McCall** of Oregon favored impeachment, Democratic Gov. **Daniel Evans** of Washington wants "amnesty" for the President, favors that (whatever it means) over either impeachment or resignation, and Democratic Gov. **Cecil Andrus** (Idaho) feels Mr. Nixon should resign—so the nation "can get on about its business." . . . Campaigning in New York, Sen. **Jacob Javits** weighs in with suggestion that if the House votes impeachment, Mr. Nixon "lay aside his duties" and let Vice President Ford govern the country during the Senate trial, which says Father **John McLaughlin**, the White House Jesuit, will last exactly seven and a half months. Fr. McLaughlin says the nation will face "a year long parade of horrors" if the House votes impeachment.

■ In the Senate, Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield** has sent letter to Senate Judiciary Committee urging that the Senate adopt a whole new set of permanent rules for use in the impeachment of President Nixon, instead of the 106-year-old rules. . . . Under present procedures House managers would act as prosecutors at a Senate trial, the Chief Justice would preside, the President's lawyers would be permitted to refute evidence and cross-examine, Justice **Burger** would rule on questions of evidence, but the Senate could challenge any such ruling, and override it by majority vote. . . . In House, it's certain that Judiciary Chairman **Peter Rodino** will be one of five probable managers. Speculation is that among the others there will be one of the two women on the Judiciary Committee, **Elizabeth Holtzman** (N.Y.) or **Barbara Jordan** (Tex.), a Southerner, possibly Democrat **John Mann** (S.C.) or **Walter Flowers** (Ala.)—who voted for Articles I and II—and two Republicans, probably **Tom Railsback** (Ill.) and either **Lawrence Hogan** (Md.) or **William Cohen** (Maine) all three of whom voted for impeachment.

■ Watergate sidelights. The Washington D.C. Court of Appeals has decided the crime to which former Attorney General **Richard Kleindienst** pleaded guilty was not a "serious crime" requiring automatic suspension from the practice of law. . . . The William Morris talent agency has signed up **Senator Sam**, starting next January after he retires from the Senate; **Stephen Pinkus**, who will handle Ervin, is also in charge of **John V. Lindsay**. . . . And at New York's Waldorf-Astoria the other night they introduced **The Impeachment Waltz**—one step forward, two steps back, and an 18½-minute pause.

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THE WEEK

■ From the *NR Bulletin*, March 7, 1959, in celebration of the end of the penultimate Cyprus crisis: " 'On your marks . . . get set . . . go!' yelled Air Marshal William MacDonald as he started a cross-country race in Cyprus last week and thereupon shot himself in the leg with the starting gun. Which makes him the last British casualty in Cyprus, a fact we thought we would record since history won't."

■ In California the state bar is taking action that could lead to the disbarment of Richard Nixon. The proceedings will take months, which means that no decision is likely to be reached before the impeachment issue is resolved, and they will be strictly confidential—no live TV, no leaks—unless a recommendation for disbarment or suspension from law practice goes to the state supreme court. Nixon will have an opportunity to present a defense. There may be necessary things going on, but there is also much in the air that is acrid vindictiveness.

■ President Nixon's economic message contained some promising hints about eliminating "burdensome overregulation," reducing trade barriers, and reevaluating the costs of ambitious environmental and safety legislation. But there was still the usual scapegoating. "Most families could reduce or defer some expenditure," said the President, and "every business has some fat in it . . . if [business and labor] continue pushing prices and wages rapidly upward, this will continue the inflationary pressure." Inflation, on this theory, is due not to too much money's being pumped into the economy, but to people's willingness to receive and spend it. Even the *New York Times* noticed "a rather mild dose of the 'old time religion' " of fiscal and monetary restraint. There is only a vague determination to cut the $305-billion budget "toward a goal of $300 billion." "Monetary restraint," says the President, "has not been overdone." In fact, it has not been done at all. And it simply is not possible, as the President suggests, to increase the supply of goods fast enough to catch up with the continuing 7 to 8 per cent annual increase in the supply of dollars.

■ "That was as honest a deal as kissing your mother," said Senator Hubert Humphrey of a certain political transaction, never mind which because it doesn't really matter, politics is politics and you can fill in the deal of your choice. It's the thought that counts, and a nice quote to save in case somebody notices the next deal.

■ The fifth anniversary of Chappaquiddick has made fascinating summertime reading. So far the *Washington Star-News*, *New York Times Magazine*, and *McCall's* have all carried articles detailing the many incredibilities in the tale Kennedy told. The stories seem to have made a great impression on Democratic politicians. Last week Larry O'Brien and Mike Mansfield both admitted they hoped Kennedy wouldn't run for President.

■ In case you didn't know it before, the word is now out: the big municipally owned public housing projects were a flop. The Administration plans to cease building public housing and pay instead $1.1 billion a year for poor families to rent dwellings from private landlords. The problem is that developers still aren't too eager to build rental housing—something about rent controls.

■ Several infamous Keynesian economists recently met with House Democrats and came to the conclusion that taxes should go either up or down, federal spending should stay the same or go up, wage-price controls should be reimposed (experience is no match for dogma), and the Federal Reserve should be even more generous with greenbacks. All prices are rising, according to these scholars, because some prices are rising more than others. "The [Keynesian] economists have really flunked the course on this one," said Senator Proxmire. "By and large these guys have walked away from the inflation problem."

■ How's That Again? The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco has been cited four times for violations of city antismog ordinances, specifically for excessive emissions from its money furnace. The Federal Reserve, required by law to destroy unusable currency, and to do so on its own premises, has been unable to find satisfactory alternative ways to destroy the old bills, so it continues to burn them. Smile through your teary eyes, San Franciscans; and pour more federal notes on the fire.

■ The military junta that has ruled Peru for the past six years has gone relatively unscathed by the world press, an immunity from criticism that could be explained by the fact that these particular generals are men of the Left. In the course of events, the junta bought out Peru's TV stations and brought the radio stations under control. Last week it was the turn of the press. In the dark of night, the soldiers took over Lima's last six independent newspapers with bayonets and tommy guns. General Eduardo Segura, the government spokesman, called a news conference at which he a) announced that the newspapers had been taken over to guarantee true freedom of the press and b) refused to answer any questions. Only one person was arrested, Luis Miro Quesada, publisher of the conservative *El Comercio*. Sr. Quesada is 93 years old.

■ As it is wont to do, the American armed forces radio in Berlin, Germany recently interviewed an employee of that city's department of sanitation, during the course of which it was revealed that the department collected an average of 16 tons of dog ordure a day, a fact less remarkable in itself than as a source of mystery as to

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"Alan is my disciple philosophically but his career as an economic analyst is his own achievement." So says Ayn Rand of Alan Greenspan, who will move in when Herbert Stein moves out as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. The Greenspan appointment is a kind of bitter-sweet development in the light of Watergate. There never has been and probably never again will be such a conservative man in this sensitive position. But the President who appointed him is fighting for his political life, and has little time for listening to much economic advice. The fine Greenspan hand was evident in Mr. Nixon's nationally televised Los Angeles speech on the economy. In that speech Mr. Nixon noted, correctly, that federal spending is a major cause of inflation, and he noted, correctly, that Congress is the chief cause of excessive federal spending, and he vowed, commendably, to go to the mat with Congress by vetoing irresponsible appropriation bills. And half an hour after Mr. Nixon finished his speech, the House Judiciary Committee hearings came back on television. This timing underscored a fact that hardly needs underscoring: Mr. Nixon no longer has the strength to impose his will on Congress.

■ It was another piece of hideous bad luck for Mr. Nixon. The Washington grand jury returned its three-count indictment (bribery, perjury, obstruction of justice) against John Connally just minutes before the House Judiciary Committee began debating Article II of the impeachment bill—the article dealing with abuse of power. Connally is the fourth Nixon Cabinet member to be indicted. (The others: Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, Attorney General John Mitchell, Attorney General Richard Kleindienst.) Until the indictment Connally was named by about 10 per cent of Republican and independent voters as their first choice for the 1976 GOP presidential nomination. Professionals will be watching to see which remaining candidate benefits from Connally's being knocked out of the race.

■ The leaders of both Houses of Congress are still wary about allowing live television coverage of the House impeachment debate and the Senate trial. Senator Mike Mansfield is pondering the following arrangement. No color television: color requires too many lights. Just one camera, located in the well at the front of the Senate. This camera shall be directed at, and only at, whoever is speaking at the time. (This will avoid embarrassing senators who are snoozing or absent.) No cameras permitted in the halls of the Senate wing of the Capitol. This will prevent those interviews that allow members to supplement arguments made on the floor.

■ The press and television in the Soviet Union are beginning to mention—ever so gently—that something called impeachment is going on in the United States. This is evidence that the Soviet government is beginning to take seriously the fact that Mr. Nixon's days may be numbered. Previously the Soviet line has been that impeachment is a plot by rightwingers who do not like Mr. Nixon's policy of detente with the Soviet Union. The Soviet propagandists now must devise a way of explaining to the Soviet people that an American President can get into serious trouble because of a few burglaries and wiretaps.

■ Events in Oregon and Florida have injected a new uncertainty into two Senate races. Senator Robert Packwood (R., Ore.) was running way ahead of his 73-year-old opponent Wayne Morse at the time of Morse's death. Morse's replacement on the Democratic ticket can hardly be as weak a candidate as Morse was proving to be. Senator Edward Gurney (R., Fla.) has decided not to seek a second term. He thinks his upcoming trial on influence-peddling charges would interfere with his campaign. Even before Gurney was indicted his name had been linked with damaging news stories about various scandals. Florida Republican leaders think he would have lost whether or not he was indicted. His decision to drop out gives the Republicans new reason to hope they can at least be competitive in this fall's Senate race.

■ Mr. Nixon is inching toward another of those historical firsts that fascinate him. His approval rating in the Gallup Poll has sunk to 24 per cent. The lowest previous rating recorded by that poll was Harry Truman's 23 per cent in the fall of 1951, at the depth of the Korean War.

■ The Supreme Court's 5 to 4 decision against forced busing between cities and suburbs will prevent 310,000 children from being bused in the Detroit metropolitan area, and it also may prevent busing from being a dominant issue in the 1976 presidential campaign.

—CATO

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what petty bureaucrat compiled the statistic, and how.

■ In the bad old days, a couple of decades back, little old ladies in tennis shoes roamed the land calling for a halt in the fluoridation of the nation's waters. It was a Communist plot, said some, to inject a poison into the waters in order to soften the brains of our leaders (you don't suppose . . . No, that way lies madness). Others had more sensible arguments. But they were flattened one and all, crank and noncrank, by the professors and medical men, the Public Health Service, the ADA and the AMA, by the TV and radio commentators, by editorial writers and newspaper columnists, by city fathers, local mayors, city managers, by fellow citizens who trooped to the polls hooting with laughter in referendum after referendum to vote aye, and the waters of the land, from Gitche Gumee to Superior, succumbed to fluoridation. Now, 20 years later, the Food and Drug Administration is quietly investigating whether fluoridated waters mayn't be harmful to your health.

■ Law 'n' Order Notes. Approximately 400 members of the Indiana State Police, the Bloomington Police Department, the Monroe County Sheriff's Department, the Indiana University Safety Division, and other police officers attending the Indiana Law Enforcement Academy and the Institute for Criminal Justice Training at Indiana University have been accused of sexual misconduct with four women over the last five years, in depositions filed by the women. Police are investigating.

■ Another Beadle Bumble case. The Philadelphia Hu-

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man Rights Commission has found Mr. Harry Katz guilty of sex discrimination and has directed the city solicitor to seek a $300 fine. Mr. Katz's offense against human dignity was to place an ad seeking "beautiful girls" as waitresses. Business had been slow in his gourmet restaurant with waiters, but picked up nicely when he started hiring waitresses.

■ Strollers in the vicinity of a government building in London have been complaining about being pelted with milk cartons, bottle caps, coffee dregs, and other garbage pitched out by employees. The building houses the Department of the Environment.

■ "I respect human life," proclaims Fred Gomez Carrasco. True, he killed 51 people before he landed in stir, and he says he'll kill 15 more if they don't let him out. But the 51 previous victims seem to have been dope dealers, a breed of vermin especially hateful to Mr. Carrasco, inasmuch as they try to horn in on his own market in cocaine and heroin. As for the 15 next in line, he says he doesn't want to kill them, but he has been "humiliated and abused" by prison guards, and "what's the sense of living when you're caged up like an animal?" Mr. Carrasco has an obvious bent for introspection. And he must have had a rough childhood. And if he can hold out until a certain journalistic distraction blows over, who knows? He may just find himself on the cover of a couple of news magazines that specialize in moral ambiguities.

■ In the last few weeks, Americans have set new world records in kissing, playing a drum, rocking in a rocking chair, playing Monopoly under water, and flying upside down. Is this the long-awaited cultural renaissance?

■ Thomas R. Ottenstein, a Washington real estate developer, has erected, on the site of the battle of Gettysburg, a tourist observation tower. Mr. Ottenstein's tower stands 307 feet tall and is, to put it delicately, just about the goddamnedest thing we've ever laid eyes on. Like an Ayn Rand hero, Mr. Ottenstein had to go through hell and high water to get it built, which may explain why it looks as if it were designed by Howard Roark. Speaking of Ayn Rand, it will cost $1.35 for a view from the top. Now that it's there, it's probably worth it, since it is from the top of the tower that you can see a) most of the battlefield and b) least of the tower.

■ Mr. A. W. James of Houston was taking an itty bitty nap on the railroad tracks and woke up to find an 80-car freight train rumbling over him. James was treated for cuts and abrasions and booked on a drunk charge.

■ Unsolicited Testimonials Department. One Dimmy Johnson attributes his election as Grand Dragon of the KKK to a Dale Carnegie course.

Impeachment Articles Voted

The conclusion of the work of the House Judiciary Committee brings us to a brief pause in the impeachment process. Three articles of impeachment have now been approved by the Committee to be sent to the House, which will soon commence its own deliberations.

In all of this the word "deliberation" is central. A great constitutional process is in motion, far removed from the hyped-up atmosphere of the Ervin Committee last summer, and from the excited cascade of allegations raining down upon us from the media during the past two years. The deliberative process in the Committee has now filtered all the charges down to three: obstruction of justice, abuse of power, and resistance to congressional subpoenas. All three involve constitutional issues of the gravest character. Gone, now, from the impeachment issue, are ITT allegations, rumors about the milk fund, and controversies over the President's income tax.

On the Judiciary Committee the President had able and articulate defenders on all three charges, such as Charles Wiggins (R., Calif.) and Charles Sandman (R., N.J.). No doubt others will come to the fore in the House itself. The greatest injury to the President's cause, however, came from the votes of conservatives and moderates, some of them Southerners, who, though they have supported Mr. Nixon on many issues of policy, found, many of them painfully, that they could not follow him here: M. Caldwell Butler (R., Va.), Walter Flowers (D., Ala.), Harold Froehlich (R., Wis.), James R. Mann (D., S.C.), Thomas Railsback (R., Ill.). Mr. Nixon came to power in 1968 employing a "Southern strategy," but here those Southern voices, the accents of which suggested years and even generations of involvement with constitutional issues, worked powerfully against him. Such conservative and Republican mainstream votes for impeachment endowed the idea with a legitimacy and momentum that even a solid Democratic majority could not have given it, let alone the Drinans, Rangels, Waldies, and Holtzmans.

It is the very essence of the Constitution that momentous issues are decided by the "deliberate sense" of the people. That is why so many buffers against ill-considered change and waves of transitory feeling are built into the Constitution and into the system as it has evolved. The deliberative process is also an educational one. As the process goes on, a kind of extended conversation, it tends to filter out ideology, calm the passions, and include as many opposition groups and viewpoints as possible in the evolving decision. It is to ensure just such deliberation that the impeachment process is a protracted one. In theory it is, and so far in this case it has been, at the farthest possible remove from Jacobinical rule by transitory majorities.

To be sure, the process unfolding before us does not involve only elevated constitutional reflection. The roughest kind of politics is also being played. Some 35 Republican congressmen won their seats with less than

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5 per cent of the vote. It is being made plain to them by the impeachment managers that a vote against impeachment will cost them, next time around, the votes of the Democrats and independents they need to survive. Even senior Republicans, who normally encounter little electoral opposition, have been feeling the heat. It has been made plain to them that if they oppose impeachment they may well encounter serious opponents the next time around. Counterpressures from hard core Republican constituencies are also intense. Republicans in Congress, accordingly, find themselves squeezed between the determined Democrats and a wounded President. But, in its own way, even such tough politics is part of the deliberative process, one way of linking the issue of impeachment to the electorate.

In its overall course, the Watergate affair has often taken sudden turns, and even now, despite the mountains of evidence, spectacular new developments are conceivable. Last year, for example, President Nixon imparted to Senators Ervin and Baker information regarding the national security role of the Plumbers too sensitive to disclose publicly. That is only one indication that much, and perhaps much that is relevant, may conceivably yet come to light. In his long and in many ways strange political career, Richard Nixon has time and again approached the edge of the abyss, only to rescue himself with some unexpected move. Nevertheless, at this pause in the deliberative process, the scales are tilting sharply against Mr. Nixon. Though some conservatives have declared for impeachment, others are still keeping their own counsel, aware that the deliberative *process* is very much part of the substance of the matter before us.

Shades of the Prison House

The numerous indictments arising out of the Watergate affair proper, in the foreground because of the high position of the individuals involved and the media attention focused upon them, have tended to move to the margin of attention the extraordinary number of other high officials and former officials who have been convicted or indicted in recent months. Former Governor Otto Kerner is now in jail. Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke of California has been convicted of perjury. Former Governor of Texas, Treasury Secretary, and White House adviser John Connally has been indicted on various counts in connection with milk money. An aide of Senator Hubert Humphrey has been indicted for campaign fund irregularities. A cloud hangs over that Hughes $100,000, involving Bebe Rebozo and other members of the Nixon inner circle. Former Vice President Spiro Agnew was convicted of tax evasion and narrowly escaped imprisonment on a variety of corruption charges.

It is a curious phenomenon. One might argue that a special prosecutorial zeal has arisen out of Watergate, trapping many who otherwise would have gone safely about their rounds as *hommes moyens sensuels*. There may be more to it than that, an historical point to be made.

We appear to be approaching the end of a demographic and economic phase, one in which a great many fortunes were made, new fortunes; one in which, at a lower level, affluence became widespread; one in which, finally, large shifts of population took place West and South. It may be that a freer and less scrupulous modus operandi accompanied all this: recalling the atmosphere and the scandals that marked the founding of the great fortunes of the 1880s and 1890s, and the accumulations of the high-rollers of the 1920s. The buccaneers of the old fortunes are long dead, their milder descendants in the foundations, banks, and corporations.

It is worth noting that the 1968 Nixon drive to power consciously rooted itself in the new energies of the South and Southwest. It was a shrewd and inevitable move: such energies would have to find political expression. Those indicted in the various financial and other scandals of recent months may, viewed in one perspective, be casualties of the struggle between a settled morality, embodied in law, and the wilder energies of recent affluence.

Man Proposes But the Court Disposes

The Supreme Court ended its term not with a whimper but two bangs. The Justices handed down the most important of the year's decisions a month after the date for the customary summer shutdown. It is always imprudent to overinterpret the Court's findings. The Justices do not try to build their ideal commonwealth in a single day's sitting, and even in the most momentous of their opinions they leave a few ambiguities, loopholes, and vacuums for subsequent history to fill in. However, on the narrowest interpretation, the Court's conclusions on *Bradley* v. *Milliken* and *United States* v. *Richard M. Nixon* are of more than casual weight.

1. *Bradley* v. *Milliken* is concerned with a Michigan controversy that is similar though not identical to controversies that have also reached the courts in Virginia, Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Ohio, and elsewhere.

I'll Remember Nixon

No, not for FAP and welfare rolls
And not for wage and price controls;
Not for his stroll on China's wall
Or hearing Russia's siren call.
No, for my money, Nixon's forte
Was nominating on the Court,
So as our busing worries dim,
Let's lift a bumper high to him.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Memo to: you, our readers

From: J.P. McFadden

LAST CHANCE!

Re: something nobody should miss!

I have just read Solzhenitsyn's "The Gulag Archipelago." Not everybody who talks about the wonderful Solzhenitsyn may be able to say that -- it is a huge book, so absorbing -- fascinating -- that you won't want to skip a word. But even if you read only five pages, or just skip through it (I dare you), I think you will get the same almost overwhelming effect that kept me hard at it for days. Here is a testament to the unquenchable flame of the human spirit, a monument (to Solzhenitsyn, and to those he writes about, all the millions of slave laborers) already greater than any conceived by Stalin for himself, a work that will not only live in history but will also make history: Solzhenitsyn is a giant, shaking the pillars of Communism itself (and he can still see!).

If it sounds to you as if I've gone overboard on "The Gulag Archipelago," you're right. It haunted me for days after I finished it. Then I saw Solzhenitsyn on TV, being interviewed by Walter Cronkite, who was transformed in a kind of instant replay from Lord of Watergate to the humblest of serfs, overwhelmed by the sheer power and presence of his "guest," who obviously can talk as powerfully and voluminously as he writes, with hands flailing, eyes burning, every emotion zooming about among his craggy features -- how I wished I knew Russian that night! -- I'm sure the translator didn't do him justice by half. (If evil could triumph ultimately in this world, this man would have been "liquidated" while the opportunity existed; it is too late now.)

By this time I'm sure you get the point: I think everybody should get a copy of "The Gulag Archipelago." I cannot imagine anyone who would not profit from this fantastic book. More than that, you'll enjoy it too: Solzhenitsyn runs the whole gamut of human emotions, not just the horrifying and the heartrending but biting and often hilarious sarcasm and some truly comic descriptions of assorted buffoonery and macabre humor that are often (unintentionally, of course) the result of the Red slave-labor system. (By the way, there is also a glossary, so that, for once, you can read a big Russian book without getting totally scrambled in with the usual cast of thousands; it even includes explanations of all the Soviet bureaus, ministries, etc.)

As it happens, you can get this big book right now direct from NR at a considerable savings on the retail price. All you do is use the handy card opposite this page to subscribe or renew now, and you get "The Gulag Archipelago" for only 95¢. We'll send you this handy paperback edition (which, by the way, contains every word of the expensive, cumbersome $12.50 hardcover version), with all postage and handling paid by us. Pay later if you wish, but please send us the card today as the book is in short supply (the demand for "Gulag" is enormous) -- we may never repeat this special offer.

J.P. McF.

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Detroit, like many big Northern cities, has a relatively high percentage of blacks in its population and a still higher percentage of blacks—in many cases above 90 per cent—in its schools. The surrounding suburbs have relatively few blacks in their populations or schools. The late U.S. District Judge Stephen J. Roth, reasoning from what he found to be the implications of *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, the Warren Court's basic integration decision, declared the Detroit school demography to be unconstitutional and ordered it corrected by, in effect, a merging of the city and suburban school districts, with interschool busing throughout the enlarged region instituted to assure a more or less uniform black-white ratio in each individual school.

For a variety of reasons, noble and ignoble, Judge Roth's ruling was passionately attacked by the suburbanites and vigorously supported by civil rights organizations and some but not all of the city's black inhabitants. By a 5 to 4 vote the Supreme Court overruled Judge Roth. It did not formally depart from *Brown* and the Warren Court's development of *Brown* in its subsequent decisions on integration and civil rights. The commitment to the goal of school desegregation is not questioned. But the opinion delivered by the majority that included the four Nixon appointees (plus Justice Potter Stewart) marks a noticeable shift of course.

Chief Justice Burger wrote the majority opinion, and in it stressed the "deeply rooted tradition" of local control over schools. He declared that "the scope of the remedy is determined by the nature and extent of the constitutional violation," a principle that would seem to imply that a combined city-suburb integration plan including compulsory busing would be admissible if there were unconstitutional segregation in both, or where district lines had been deliberately drawn to accomplish segregation. But he concluded that if—as in this Detroit case—there is no evidence of unconstitutional segregation in suburban school districts, there could be no justification for compelling them to be included in a plan to get rid of illegal segregation in an inner city district: a finding that recommends itself as both good law and common sense.

The Court's emphasis on the tradition of local school control in deciding this question of racial integration is being taken by some analysts as possibly foreshadowing its treatment of a series of school financing cases that are moving up the judicial ladder. These involve the contention that unconstitutional educational discrimination results from the financial disparity between various school districts so long as school funds come in whole or part from local taxation, since the wealthier districts have more money to spend on their schools and thereby give their pupils disparate educational advantages. The proposed remedy, in a suit brought in California, is a statewide financing of education that would allocate funds equally to each school. The logic of this financial equalization is identical to that of the interdistrict busing proposals. Drawn out to their ultimate consequences, both point to a single equalized and uniform national school system.

2. Justice William Rehnquist disqualified himself from sitting on the case of *United States* v. *Nixon*—the "tapes case"—presumably because of his service in the Justice Department under then Attorney General John Mitchell, one of the defendants in the trial out of which the case arises. It is reliably rumored that the Justices were initially divided 6 to 2 against the President, but that the minority, as has frequently happened in matters deemed of critical importance, joined to present a unanimous finding. And, as in the busing case, it was the Chief Justice who wrote the opinion.

Justice Burger's opinion here, contrary to a widespread impression, did not bear directly on the issue of impeachment. The Court, up to this stage anyway, seems to be pointedly staying aloof from the impeachment process. It declined to rule one way or the other on White House attorney James St. Clair's petitions to remove the President's name from the list of co-conspirators named by the Watergate grand jury or to examine the

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grand jury records to determine whether that naming was justified. The Court restricted itself to the question of whether presidential "privilege" or the principle of "confidentiality" permitted Mr. Nixon to refuse to turn over the 64 tapes that Special Prosecutor Jaworski had subpoenaed—and ruled that they did not. "The allowance of the privilege to withhold evidence that is demonstrably relevant in a criminal trial would cut deeply into the guarantee of due process of law and gravely impair the function of the courts." Ergo, the President must give up the tapes.

This decision was a rejection of Mr. St. Clair's arguments and a defeat for Mr. Nixon. Carefully examined, however, it does not seem to be an unmixed defeat for the Presidency. For the first time, the Court recognized the *principle* of presidential confidentiality even though denying its application in the instant case. The Court commented: "The President's broad interest in confidentiality of communications will not be vitiated by disclosure of a limited number of conversations preliminarily shown to have some bearing on the pending criminal cases." Moreover, the Court ordered the tapes delivered not to Mr. Jaworski, the man who had subpoenaed them, but to another officer of the Judiciary, Judge Sirica, for his screening and subsequent determination of what, if anything, of their contents should be made available to the Special Prosecutor.

Thus, in the process of "bringing the President under the law," the Justices were once more affirming, by clear implication, the doctrine toward which judges have been drawn since *Marbury* v. *Madison*: that in our system of three equal branches of government, the Judiciary is more equal than the others. The doctrine, in other words, of judicial supremacy.

Byzantium Has Fallen

Sometime in 1453
The Patriarch was forced to flee,
And Greeks who weren't beaten down
Ran helter-skelter from the town.
Romantics like to make the case
That Turkey's stolen Athens' place,
But history could hardly care,
Since states must yield to *force majeure*;
Nor does it do to stamp and shriek,
Insisting Cyprus *must be Greek*.
As for the liberals, who smirk
Comparing Athens to the Turk,
Constantinople's day is through
As surely as the noble Sioux.

W. H. VON DREELE

Jackson on China

Returning from a visit to Peking, where he conferred with principal leaders and spokesmen, Senator Henry M. Jackson in a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece advocated what amounts to a continuation of the Nixon-Kissinger rationale concerning relations with China. We should, he said, view China in a geopolitical context, and continue to build up with Peking a web of mutually beneficial relations, this as a counterweight to the Soviets in the international equation. Then, for no reason evident on his own showing, he went one large step beyond Nixon and Kissinger. We should, he said, "put our embassy in Peking and our liaison office in Taipei."

Jackson might reply that the Nixon-Kissinger Shanghai communiqué embodied the assumptions that would dictate, now, this further move. The communiqué had asserted that there was only one "China" and further that it was not the U.S. intention to intervene in the internal affairs of that "one" China. Communiqués serve all sorts of purposes, however, and it could be argued that the "cash value" of the Shanghai communiqué was that it allowed negotiations to take place at all. Unless some U.S. interest were to be served, it would not seem necessary for the U.S. to undertake further symbolic diplomatic moves at Taiwan's expense.

Jackson took, on the whole, a generally appreciative view of the Chinese role in the international equation. The "Chinese have a rather realistic view of the geopolitical situation on the Eurasian land mass." They "are especially concerned about what they perceive to be the expansionist and unreliable nature of Soviet policy in areas of strategic importance," and believe that the Soviets are now "feinting to the East in order to attack in the West." Geopolitics for the Chinese, as Jackson sees it, takes precedence over ideology. The Chinese are "encouraging a strong North Atlantic Treaty Organization and opposing the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe."

In Jackson's opinion, moreover, the Chinese are ready and eager to do business with us. Trade "with China is evolving on a solid commercial basis. This is in contrast to our trade with the Russians." Though the Chinese lack foreign exchange, such deficiency may be remedied by the offshore oil reserves they appear ready to open up. In this crucial venture, as luck would have it, "only America now possesses the necessary deep-water drilling technology" the Chinese need.

Then comes Jackson's surprise. The Chinese deeply fear Soviet power and are suspicious of Soviet intentions; they are doing everything they can to build up relations with other nations to offset the Soviets. The Chinese need our technology to develop their resources. From all of this it somehow follows that we must take the symbolic step of downgrading our relations with Taiwan in order to . . . what?

In terms of Realpolitik, it is difficult to see how any U.S. interest would be served by diplomatic attempts to weaken Taiwan, which is now very much a going concern. From the standpoint of a genuine balance of power

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politics, Taiwan indeed is a plus factor for the U.S., because of its very hostility to Peking.

Curious, too, in this connection, is the fact that the Senator's "moral" and "civil libertarian" concerns seem to leave him when he turns his attention to Chinese policy. One savors, for example, his "of course" in the following sentence: "We must remember, of course, that the People's Republic remains a society whose governmental structure and methods rest on a philosophy antithetical to the democratic tradition. . . . But we can . . ." etc. The People's Republic, in fact, is a far more totalitarian state than the Soviet Union, against whose repressive policies the Senator has made it his trademark to thunder.

Perhaps Senator Jackson left both his skepticism and his famous libertarian scruples on the American shore of the Pacific Ocean. Or perhaps his ingrained hostility to the Soviets has led him to take an unduly rosy view of the Peking regime, on the principle that the enemy of my enemy is my friend. But, closer to the nub, he is also running flat out for the Democratic nomination. His requirements there demand opposition to Nixon-Kissinger style detente, where the Soviets are concerned, and a dire interpretation of Soviet intentions, particularly in the Middle East. Hence the Jackson Amendment, and the like. But this set of positions also involves him in deeply hostile relations with the Democratic left wing. His cooing attitude toward Peking, accordingly, whether or not it represents a serious projection of foreign policy, is perhaps at least as much an attempt to achieve detente with his leftist opponents within the Democratic Party.

More Gas Is Less

"Despite plentiful supplies of crude oil," writes Michael Jensen in the *New York Times*, "the nation's major oil companies in recent weeks have reduced their production of gasoline and have operated their refineries 6 to 7 per cent below the capacity they were utilizing a year ago. Industry critics [not identified by Mr. Jensen] say the companies are deliberately restraining production to avert price wars that would erode their record profits."

Mr. Jensen's figures show crude stocks up 9 per cent, gasoline stocks also up 9 per cent, and stocks of other refined products up 14 to 22 per cent. Normally, gasoline stocks would be declining during the March to July period, but gasoline consumption is down some 6 per cent over the same four months of last year. This frees crude oil for the production of other petroleum products —the major goal of the federal allocation program. Since mid-March, when crude stocks began to recover from the loss of 1.2-million barrels a day of Arab oil in the previous two months, utilization of refinery capacity has risen from 82 to 92 per cent, and gasoline production is up 16 per cent. Exploratory oil well completions in the second quarter were 61 per cent above the level of a year before.

Still not good enough, it would seem, for Mr. Jensen and the anonymous critics. For one thing, he worries that weekly production of gasoline dropped a scandalous 1 per cent over a well-chosen two-week period. And "the decline in utilization of the nation's total refinery capacity," he says, "has been more pronounced. For the week ending July 19, 92.5 per cent of refinery capacity was utilized, compared with 98.8 per cent during the equivalent week in 1973." But a Senate staff study last November, which was widely misquoted by oil industry critics, showed why 92 per cent was the "maximum sustainable rate." Even this rate "does not consider shutdowns resulting from extraordinary events," said the Senate report, and any greater utilization of capacity could only be achieved for a while by "forgoing short run maintenance."

"At the same time that gasoline prices have been skyrocketing," Jensen goes on, "the oil industry's profits also have jumped sharply. Following large increases during the first three months of the year, a number of companies reported even more startling earnings gains for the second quarter. Occidental Petroleum's second quarter earnings, for example, were up 292 per cent." Well, that was less startling than Occidental's 718 per cent first quarter earnings gain. But Occidental neither refines nor sells gasoline in this country, so that the relevance of its profit figures to an article about the reduction of domestic gasoline production is less than self-evident.

While the *New York Times* was complaining that oil companies were cutting back production to avoid a gas war, *Newsweek* complained that the oil companies were *not* cutting back gasoline production and were instigating gas wars. "The companies usually suggest that station operators return to the night and Sunday hours stipulated in their leases," wrote *Newsweek*. "Some dealers charge that company-owned stations are actually underselling them. . . . The companies could also reduce surpluses by cutting back their refinery output. But the current strategy is to run more gas through the pumps—and that policy could lead to trouble."

So it really doesn't matter what the oil companies do —produce less gasoline or more, raise prices or lower them—they are still going to be scolded. Maybe they should operate according to the professed philosophy of *New York Times* president Arthur Sulzberger and simply "give stockholders operating margins they deserve."

Dole for the Airlines

TWA and Pan Am want taxpayers to help pay for someone else's vacation, because passengers aren't willing to pay what the airlines "need." Transatlantic charter fares are already up 20 to 23 per cent over last summer, and a White House task force has been considering boosting fares another 6 to 10 per cent. The airlines, however, suspect that high fares may have something to do with the fact that summer bookings are down almost a fifth.

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INFLATION!
DEFLATION!
REFLATION!
STAGFLATION!
There is no cure—
but there's plenty of medicine
Who will own our Nationalised oil? Scotland or France?
AUTUMN ELECTION? Here Labour says Enoch... Vote Liberal
POLICE SPECIAL Have you noticed anyone foreign a Swiss Bank Account?
Here is no doubt of Government defeats in the Commons...
says Mayhew...

Jensen, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Asylum? I rather fear, Archbishop, that here you are in one!"

They want to provide a discount to persons aged 12 to 23, and discriminate against those who have few alternatives to flying at any price—notably businessmen. The idea, however disguised, is to extract the most money from the most people. The Civil Aeronautics Board, continuing its war on consumers, wants to raise the so-called "discount" fares up to the peak monopoly level, rather than drop the peak fares down to the discount.

One nice thing about such a government-enforced cartel, from the businessman's point of view, is that prices can be automatically raised to cover any expenses. But cost-push pricing is open to almost infinite exploitation by whatever constitutes a cost—in this case the OPEC oil cartel, the unions of airline pilots and workers, and possible managerial inefficiencies. The potential monopoly profits have long been eroded by this factor, as well as by nonprice competition in the size of planes and frequency of flights. So the industry is stuck with excess capacity and rapidly increasing costs, and is finally having trouble passing these expenses along. Pity.

Fuel costs will fall if, and only if, the reduced demand for costly flights is allowed to be reflected in a reduced demand for fuel. Besides, TWA had a sizable deficit early last year, long before the dramatic rise in oil prices. The 44-day strike last October and the resulting settlement didn't help profits much. And the falling profits of TWA's Hilton hotels and Canteen Corporation can't easily be excused by the price of jet fuel.

Apparently, the international airline cartel has been weakening. There are the usual charges of "unfair" competition—meaning discounts and rebates from the official monopoly prices. This is certainly good news for travelers, though it may impose rough adjustments on airlines. Similarly, if foreign governments want to subsidize their airlines, that just means that foreign taxpayers are paying part of the fares of U.S. travelers—a nice deal indeed.

In 1970, United Airlines lost almost $41 million. That forced a change of management, a close monitoring of costs, and restructuring of the unwieldly firm into three semi-autonomous units. The reforms provided better communication for prompt decisions, and brought United's profits up to $51 million last year. If United had received a subsidy to cover its 1970 loss, would anyone have bothered to make the needed changes?

Eximbank, R I P

The Export Import Bank expired on June 30, ending its authority to make new loans for exports. A number of serious questions have been raised as to whether or not Congress ought to renew the Eximbank's authority. There is, first of all, the general disillusionment with East-West trade, as a result of the Soviet wheat deal. The pending Rousselot-Dent bill would have Congress supervise each transaction with Communist countries, giving it some check on strategic absurdities like the Soviet gas deal. Second, the mercantilist notion of "promoting" (subsidizing) exports has lost some of its appeal in this period of shortages and export embargoes. Finally, the *Wall Street Journal* has challenged the whole idea of providing 7 per cent loans to foreign buyers, when our own businessmen are scrambling to buy the same merchandise with 12 per cent loans.

William Casey, chairman of Eximbank, replies that his agency "does not siphon either taxpayers' money or private capital away from providing services and producing goods." But it does affect which goods and services will be produced, and for whom. Dan Larkins, in a study for the American Enterprise Institute, has documented the alarming rise in the share of available loan funds being allocated to politically determined, as opposed to market-determined, uses. Larkins estimated the present value of Eximbank interest subsidies at about $466 million in fiscal 1973, but this figure has risen substantially with the recent rise in market interest rates. At the end of fiscal 1973, the Eximbank had outstanding an estimated $8 billion in low-interest direct loans, and over $2.5 billion in insured loans. The possible alternative uses for such funds, as well as the involvement of government in the economy, are neatly obscured by excluding the Eximbank from the budget. There are still no free lunches, not even when U.S. bread is spread with Russian dressing.

Alan Greenspan, Hurry

It's midnight minus one.
  The thumb is in the dike.
A cloud obscures the sun.
  Nobody's at the mike.
The rudder will not work.
  The market's turned to prayer.
My ganglia all jerk.
  Let's try some *laissez-faire*.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: Our Readers
FROM: WFB

We inaugurate a new section. That isn't exactly correct, because ten years ago the unique Will Herberg, professor of sociology and theology from Drew University and a Jewish scholar, launched *NR*'s first "religious column." But in the past few years Professor Herberg has had to cut down on his writing after a severe illness. We rejoice in his recovered health, but he has not been able to resume his regular column.

Which now will be written by Dr. Malachi Martin, or at least written by him and, occasionally, by guest columnists recruited by him. Dr. Martin was a Jesuit priest, laicized ten years ago. He is an American who was born in Ireland, studied theology at Louvain in Belgium, and was professor at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome. He has three doctorates, has studied at Oxford and Hebrew Universities, is fluent in eight languages, and was closely associated with the principal figures involved in Vatican II, including, and that is the title of his first book, *Three Popes and the Cardinal*. His book *Jesus Now*, published a year ago, was described by Martin Grief of *Time*: "Once in a decade a book is published so unassailable in its logic and limitless in its depth of understanding that it converts the critical reader to a point of view different from his own. *Jesus Now* is such a book."

Dr. Martin's introductory essay is, I hope you will agree, cause for excitement.

■ Dear Sirs:

Since Mr. Buckley has placed me under Interdict [August 2] I must translate for Mr. Glenville through your mediation: ["*Bono animo es: tu cum illa te intus oblecta interim et lectulos iube sterni nobis et parari cetera*"] "Relax. Amuse yourself inside, for a while, with her. Order the banquet couches spread and the other things prepared."

I cannot describe Mr. Buckley's [friend's] column on the Shockley debate as "stupid," since it was written by a student I gave an A to last term. It is just wrong. I would give it a B-minus. Best,

Garry Wills
Baltimore, Md.

P.S. Bill—I thought you promised to stop reading my column if I promised to stop sending it! Best, Garry

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have a problem that absolutely confounds me; at wit's end I turn to you for help. Allow me to explain.

For the sixth year in a row you have written me explaining the economic plight in which NATIONAL REVIEW finds itself. Enough, I am deeply moved. Unfortunately, I find myself in an economic plight of my own. In September I had planned to attend the Yale Law School; when I received word of my acceptance I immediately took steps to secure loans to the amount of $3,500. A tidy sum to be sure, but after all Yale Law was the alma mater of the sainted junior senator from New York! No sacrifice was too high. But, mirabile dictu, I have recently learned that the former mayor of New York is also a graduate. You see my problem; should I donate $3,500 to help ensure another year of *NR*, or go to Yale and risk both the demise of the magazine and political indoctrination? Please respond soon; my career hangs in the balance! Yours sincerely,

Gerard John Quinn
92 Forbell St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Quinn: Okay, okay. Go ahead to Yale. But take the light there. We'll continue to provide it. Best of luck. Cordially, —WFB

■ MEMO TO: WAR
FROM: WFB
RE: *NR*'s chronic impecuniousness

Please note that the most recent Gallagher Report advises that the *Reader's Digest* will begin, effectively, charging separately (48 cents) for magazine postage, a course of action I recommended several years ago at one of our gloom sessions over publishing economics. Why (was my point) free delivery, when the magazine has to pay the government for it? With all due regard—indeed affection—for our own subscribers, I do think the step is in the right direction, and hope that the economic situation improves as an alternative to vaticide.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"If Richard M. Nixon went to the basement of the White House and discovered the cure for cancer, the *Washington Post* would never take notice."—William F. Buckley Jr.

"If Ted Kennedy went to the basement of the United States Senate and discovered the cure for cancer, William F. Buckley Jr. would never, never, but never take notice."—Charles Cascio

Sincerely,
Charles Cascio
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Cascio: Wrong. I *would* give Senator Kennedy credit. But I would say it was a very clear case of serendipity—and take renewed interest in trips to my own well-stocked cellar. Cordially,

—WFB

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Our House

Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

M. CALDWELL BUTLER. A strangely evocative name. Sounds like the name of a Civil War general, CSA. Summons echoes of cavalry hoofbeats in the Shenandoah Valley. Mr. Butler, 49 (AB, University of Richmond, Phi Beta Kappa; LLB, University of Virginia Law School; member and former vestryman, St. John's Episcopal Church, Roanoke) is the congressman from the Sixth District of Virginia, which rubs up against West Virginia. Mr. Butler's presence in the House of Representatives is a source of deep and constant pain to Americans for Democratic Action, the liberal lobby. ADA rates the voting records of congressmen, awarding a score of 100 for absolute fidelity to the ADA's standards of liberalism, and running down the scale to zero for what the ADA considers invincible conservative ignorance. Mr. Butler's ADA rating in the 93rd Congress was unambiguous. Zero.

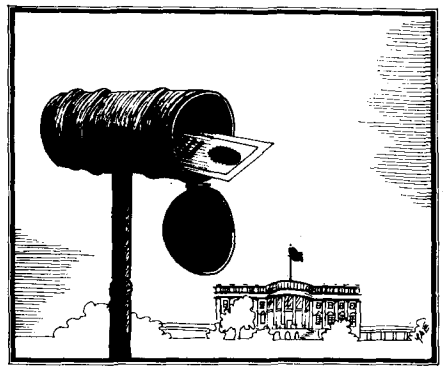
Speaking in the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment proceedings, Mr. Butler said this:

> For years we Republicans have campaigned against corruption and misconduct in the administration of the government of the United States by the other party.
>
> And somehow or other we have found the circumstances to bring that issue before the American people in every succeeding national campaign.
>
> But Watergate is our shame. Those things happened in the Republican Administration while we had a Republican in the White House and every single person convicted to date has one way or another owed allegiance to the Republican Party.
>
> We cannot indulge ourselves the luxury of patronizing or excusing the misconduct of our own people. These things have happened in our house. And it is our responsibility to do what we can to clear it up.

There. Someone finally said it.

For more than a year now George Bush, the amiable and tireless and public-spirited Texan who heads the Republican National Committee, has been criss-crossing the nation to say what any head of the RNC would have to say, but what is, in my judgment, a transparent fiction. He has been saying that the Republican Party has no responsibility for Watergate. Mr. Bush has not denied that many contemptible deeds have been done. To his credit, he has not stooped to using the argument (infantile in form and false in substance) that all Administrations have done such things. Rather, Mr. Bush and others have argued that the Republican Party is somehow hermetically sealed off from all responsibility for the Watergate cesspool.

To argue this, you must take one of two paths. The short path is to say that "the Administration" is responsible for



the misdeeds, but the Republican Party has no responsibility for "the Administration." This path is short, but unpromising. The long path is as follows:

First, one must argue that the misdeeds generally referred to under the umbrella label "Watergate" fall neatly into two unrelated categories. The first category is misdeeds (e.g., the Watergate break-in, violations of campaign financing laws, illegal sabotage of Democratic campaigns) done by employees of the Committee to Reelect the President (CREEP) and this organization was not meaningfully connected with the Administration. Second, one must argue that the second category (e.g., the burglary at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist) was not really a misdeed because it was done in order to enhance national security.

Americans who have done their homework can judge the strength of this two-pronged argument. Republicans who do not adopt the two-pronged argument are apt to be at least susceptible to Mr. Butler's argument.

Mr. Nixon will be impeached by the House. As many as 80 Republican representatives may vote for impeachment. Mr. Nixon will be removed from office if enough Republican senators think as Mr. Butler thinks. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Butler or Congressman Lawrence Hogan (R., Md.) (who also boasts an ADA rating of zero, and who also made a blistering statement in support of impeaching Mr. Nixon and removing him from office) is eccentric, let alone unique. It is highly probable that some equally conservative Republican senators will vote for conviction. It also is highly probable that there will be Southern Democratic senators who will vote for conviction, as the three Southern Democrats on the Judiciary Committee—James Mann of South Carolina, Walter Flowers of Alabama, Jack Brooks of Texas—voted for impeachment.

The House leadership—principally Speaker Carl Albert and Majority Leader Thomas "Tip" O'Neill—are going to do everything in their power to get a full House vote on impeachment soon, probably by Friday, August 23. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield is determined to finish the trial before the election in order to avoid having any defeated lame duck senators voting on Mr. Nixon's fate.

Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski will spend many August hours in Judge John Sirica's courtroom raising dust about the tapes that turned out not to exist or to have suspiciously convenient (for Mr. Nixon) gaps and hums and things. That will not help Mr. Nixon. On September 9 the Watergate coverup trial of Mr. Nixon's indicted co-conspirators will begin, and portions of this latest batch of tapes—those that the Supreme Court ordered Mr. Nixon to surrender—will be used in open court. That will not help Mr. Nixon. By then even defendants John Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman probably will feel that nothing they say—or refuse to say—can save Mr. Nixon from Senate conviction, so they may plea bargain. That will not help Mr. Nixon.

Nothing, in my opinion, can help Mr. Nixon. □

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Dictators and Democrats

THE TROUBLE with power is that it seduces as well as corrupts. If we all steered clear of power, it would never have a chance to do its corrupting, but for some of us its allure is irresistible. We find that, like Cleopatra in Enobarbus' account, power makes hungry where most it satisfies.

If Colonel Papadopoulos could have brought himself to step aside two years ago, he would have been listed on the Greek record as hero instead of villain, but by then he was hooked on power. From the start he had been kicked around by the global media, but I remain convinced from personal observation as well as indirect testimony that, outside of Athens, Greek opinion was initially favorable to the Colonels and was well satisfied with the results of their rule during the first four or five years after the April 1967 coup.

There was good reason for satisfaction. In 1966 and early 1967 Greece was dissolving. The political parties had degenerated into snarling factions, unable to form a functioning government. The officially banned Communists were back in action, the streets filled with rioting mobs. Colonel Papadopoulos and his colleagues brought Greece political and social order, and order was what most people, apart from the politicians who were feasting on the disorders, were longing for.

In addition, partly by luck and partly by deliberate design, the Greek economy made enormous advances benefiting all sections of the population during the first five years. If the Colonels had voluntarily called Constantine Karamanlis back in 1972, the manifest goods they had done would have lived after them and their sins probably been interred with their political bones.

The Colonels outstayed their time. Though the economy continued advancing, the rate of inflation, which up to 1972 had been one of the lowest, shot up into the twenties. Discontent with the dictatorial repressions and the suffocating political atmosphere spread from the politicians and intellectuals into the general population. Foreign disapproval interfered with trade relations and helped foster domestic discontent.

Swing of the Pendulum

The Colonels were, palpably, losing control of the situation. Without any coherent policy, they jettisoned Papadopoulos last year, and Greece stumbled along under an all but invisible government that rumor said was guided by the invisible Brigadier Ioannides. (When I was in Greece this spring no one knew who was actually running things or what they were trying to do.) Then, earlier this summer, the no-government made the ludicrous miscalculation of supposing it could get away with the Cyprus coup that it instigated. At this point the soldiers had sense enough to throw in the towel and telephone Karamanlis in Paris.

By overstaying, the soldiers had not only discredited themselves but, unfortunately, much aggravated the difficulties awaiting their civilian successors. Karamanlis faces not only the acute economic ailments but the Cyprus shambles and the likelihood that the sudden loosening of the military dictatorship will, as in Portugal, encourage the mischief makers. Since Karamanlis is pro-Western and somewhat right of center, the Communists and Papandreou-types will try to undermine and replace him.

However, if the United States and the NATO allies can keep Cyprus from blowing up, Karamanlis has a good deal going for him. He is a shrewd, informed, and experienced man. He will be able to enlist first-rate people who have been staying away from government under the military rule. For a while, at least, he will have the important advantage of a more benign attitude on the part of the Western nations. This should make it easier for Greece to get helpful credits and favorable trade deals, and will also help to legitimize the new government domestically.

I was always puzzled by the persistence and ferocity with which Western officials and publicists criticized the Colonels. True, their government violated many democratic rights and incarcerated a number of political opponents without due process; its police treated some opponents with a degree of brutality that in some cases qualified as torture. But as governments go, including Greek governments, the Colonel's regime was not all that terrible. We are frequently reminded that the Greeks invented "democracy," but they also invented "tyranny," "despotism," and "anarchy"—and let us not overlook "demagogy." In the century of Stalin, Hitler, Mao, and Idi Amin, the Colonels' dictatorship was surely rather mild. Quantitatively and qualitatively judged, their treatment of dissidents was the gentlest in their immediate neighborhood: cf. Bulgaria, Albania, Yugoslavia, and Turkey. Torture is always antihuman, but what the Colonels went in for was at about the same level as that of the British in Northern Ireland or, for that matter, Archbishop Makarios in Cyprus.

Best Wishes

I can see why democratic-minded Westerners should have criticized the Colonels, but I continue to wonder why their regime, given the world as it is, was so constant a focus of such harsh and usually envenomed denunciation. There must have been more here than was allowed to come to the surface. Still, whatever the explanation, the negative attitude was a fact, and both the regime and Greece were weakened because of it; and it is also a fact that for the moment the attitude of Western opinion toward the new regime is much more sympathetic, which should help both the regime and Greece. It is not clear whether this positive attitude will endure when, before very long, Karamanlis will do what he will have to do to prevent his regime from being torn to pieces by the conflicting internal forces now being released. Let us wish him and his country well.

P.S. The critics often charged that the Pentagon had put the Colonels into power. Whatever the merits of that charge, it is much more probably true of their exit. □

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COVER STORY

On Being Asked to Write Spiro Agnew's Farewell Address: *Meditations of a Troubled, and Anonymous, Ghost*

JEFFREY T. BOLGIANO

LIKE SOME seriocomic Shakespearean play within a play, the brief and piteous case of Spiro T. Agnew overlies the longer-running and larger tragedy of Richard Nixon in a manner almost too rococo to be real, too macabre for any but the most cynical taste.

It is tempting for that reason to put the whole matter out of mind, to dismiss the sideshow now that the main event nears a climax. Indeed, Agnew's rout from the Vice Presidency last October in a storm of leaks and legal maneuvers has had this air about it from the first. Bracketed as it was by the Senate Watergate hearings of the summer and the stunning confrontation of President Nixon with his own officers of justice later in the fall, the whole affair caught the American people in a sort of brownout—due to overloaded circuits—of the normal political ethical reflexes. And when we came to, Gerald Ford stood in the line of succession where whatsisname from Maryland had been before. We remember some vague unpleasantness about tax cheating, an argument about limousines and bodyguards for the ex-Veep, a plot outline for Agnew's novel, and not much more.

Yet there is a good deal more that bears remembering, and pondering, as the Republic wrestles with the second presidential impeachment in its history. For while the personalities of the ill-starred GOP ticketmates of 1968 and 1972 are hardly identical, and their legal cases by no means of a piece—the sins alleged against Nixon being far less clear-cut and the circumstances more complex—similarities enough do exist to warrant our looking closely at the Agnew past for hints of a Nixon prologue.

It is not an original observation to say that these two tend to think alike—not after the lusty way in which the Agnew of 1969 and 1970 recreated the "cutting edge" Vice Presidency which Nixon himself had virtually patented in the 1950s. Garry Wills quotes a Maryland socialite's recollection of the pair's first meeting, at a party she gave early in 1968: "It was almost as if one picked up the other's thought; they were so engrossed in each other they forgot we were in the room."

Not surprisingly, then, parallels are evident in their reactions to their respective scandals. The Vice President's disarmingly confident and forthcoming response to the first allegations of wrongdoing against him last August evoked memories of Richard Nixon's decisive handling of the Checkers crisis. But within a few weeks the Agnew defense had degenerated into the desperate flailings of a fugitive at bay, comparable to the posture of a much more recent Nixon—the one who first offered, then abrogated, pledges of cooperation with each of his Special Prosecutors and the House Judiciary Committee in turn.

Perhaps the most piquant episode in this passion play was the final one—protagonist exits, vanquished. On October 12, 1973, two days after Spiro Agnew had pleaded no contest to a tax evasion charge and resigned the Vice Presidency, and only hours before President Nixon was to announce the nomination of Gerald Ford as Agnew's successor, this writer took part in a private conversation with Mr. Agnew in which the former Vice President's words, his bearing, the totality of the impression he conveyed, all bespoke—to my amazement—his serene conviction that he had done no wrong.

Earlier I had also been given, through an intermediary, Richard Nixon's firsthand account of part of the farewell meeting between the two on the eve of Agnew's resignation. From that account I gathered, more amazingly still, that the President viewed the matter much as Agnew himself did, feeling that the departing VP, while he might have blundered badly, had not really *sinned*—the Justice Department's devastating 40-page bill of particulars apparently notwithstanding.

THESE TWO vivid personal glimpses, taken together and corroborated by other evidence from the public record before and since, seem to me to reveal much about the likelihood, timing, means, and manner of any premature departure from office by President Nixon. First, however, some stage setting:

It was on Tuesday evening, October 9, that Agnew met for the last time with Nixon, to state formally his intention to consummate the plea-bargain and quit the following day. In the course of that meeting, they agreed (on which man's initiative, I was not told) that there would be some sort of televised valedictory by the Vice President, with White House assistance in the drafting of it. Nixon proffered the services of one of his senior aides for this task; Agnew asked if a junior aide whom he'd worked with before—this writer—could take it on; the upshot was that both of us were assigned to collaborate on the project.

"Mr. Bolgiano" was a member of the White House staff for several years before resigning at the end of 1973 over Watergate.

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Wide World Photos

King Edward VIII delivers his address to his subjects "all over the world."

When news of the bizarre assignment was relayed to me Wednesday night by the writer Mr. Nixon had mentioned, my caller passed along two curious pieces of guidance from the Oval Office. The President told him he had counseled Agnew Tuesday in these terms: the important thing is to stand unbowed, not to let "them" think they've broken you. I've faced these situations, Nixon went on, everyone in politics has to face them, and you can weather them if you just refuse to appear as a beaten man. That, said the President, was the way he had survived the loss in 1960, and the way Agnew should meet this reversal. The veteran speechwriter also said Nixon had suggested we study King Edward's 1936 abdication speech to the British people, as a model of the dignified, elevated tone he hoped we could achieve for the Agnew speech.

PROCEEDING on these instructions and a few which Agnew had sent us via White House political sage Bryce Harlow, a longtime vice presidential confidant, we raced ahead Thursday on a draft for the TV appearance which we thought first might come as early as Friday evening. However, that afternoon the timetable, indeed the entire project, grew more doubtful. General Haig and others in the White House top command were said to feel that efforts should be directed to keeping the politically and emotionally unpredictable ex-Veep off the air, not to helping him go on. It was hoped that the Friday announcement of a nominee to fill Agnew's post would moot the question of a parting broadcast by a man now bypassed by events.

But Agnew was determined, and within the White House councils so was Harlow on Agnew's behalf. By Friday morning, October 12, the speech was "go" again. I was directed to brush up our suggested text and deliver it upstairs to the Vice President's office, the big suite facing West Executive Avenue just one floor above the President's own private office which the tapes have now made famous.

The meeting with "STA" (as the White House news summary always called him, and as I find my notes also do) lasted only a few minutes. We were alone in the cavernous office, its frumpy Coolidge-era decor still as I remembered it from happier times, but the aura of power in the air turned to a deep melancholy. As we talked I could not shake the thought that it was across this very desk that the payoffs had passed; yet there was a poignancy to the moment that made such reflections seem cruel and small. Here was one of the most feared orators and potent votegetters ever to hold the second highest office; but now it was he who spoke first, thanking me for the "favor" I had done him, this writing help. I still had a position of trust in the public employ; he had only—what?

Only his dignity, his pride, and a last spark of the old fighting spirit—and these seemed scarcely impaired by the ordeal of recent days and weeks. "I want to be as statesmanlike and unifying as I can," he began when I asked about his conception of the speech, "for the good of the country. I don't want to show any bitterness, though that will be hard because inside I certainly feel it."

We chatted a bit more about the text I had brought him; then, rising to go, I mentioned apologetically that he'd find it titled "Farewell Address"—"not in the sense of farewell forever," I fumbled, "but it does close a chapter."

He corrected me with a sad smile: "It closes a political career." Then a handshake and I left, hurriedly and with relief, as one departs a graveside.

HE FORMALLY ended that career on Monday evening, October 15, when he took to the tube to deny once again, "flatly and categorically," all "assertions of illegal acts . . . [or] wrongdoing." (The quotation, incidentally, is from the substantive portion of that October 15 speech, amounting to nearly half the as-delivered text, which portion those of us from the White House staff who were ghosting for him had simply left blank in our drafts, with a note deferring to Agnew and his lawyers on the prickly questions of guilt and innocence.) When Agnew that night renewed his pathetically shopworn avowal of innocence, most viewers probably dismissed it as a throwaway ritual claim by a man who had been caught redhanded and knew it.

Having seen the look on Agnew's face Friday afternoon, when he admitted to me deep bitterness over the *nolo contendere* tax plea and forced resignation, I knew otherwise. He really did, and I presume still does, believe doggedly in his own innocence, no matter who else might disbelieve it or what damning evidence others might adduce.

As for the President, his chief emotion in the days immediately following the Agnew resignation seems to have been relief, judging from General Haig's comments at a briefing for a group of junior staffers sometime later—relief that Agnew's departure had been accomplished without severe political backlash, perhaps even with a net gain. Mr. Nixon was probably grateful to have terminated the Agnew debacle short of a grand jury indictment or an impeachment proceeding, either of which would have set an ominous precedent for the President's own case. And he seems to have viewed the resulting chance to elevate Ford as a kind of extra insurance policy with Capitol Hill and the Republican Party.

As it has turned out, of course, both the grand jury process and impeachment have closed in inexorably on the President, even without an Agnew precedent, and the new

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Vice President is proving to be nobody's Charlie McCarthy. Why did Nixon's celebrated political acumen fail to warn him of the heightened danger which Agnew's disgrace and downfall, even with the unpleasantness minimized by what Haig called "overtones of a miracle," actually represented? Probably because that acumen, keen as it may be on many factors of the political equation, seems under many circumstances to be numbly amoral—and thus vulnerable to near-fatal underestimates of the moral sensibilities of the American people.

This is the President who on taking office in 1969 promised an "answer of the spirit" for the country's "crisis of the spirit." But he has never used his bully pulpit to help Americans distill the moral and practical lessons from the Agnew experience. His announcement party for Gerald Ford two nights after Agnew quit was a classic of Orwellian doublethink and contempt for the public's intelligence —the reason for the vice presidential vacancy was not even hinted at, the fallen Spiro's very existence utterly ignored.

Not until February 1974 did Nixon even comment on the affair, and then only because a reporter pinned him down. Did he believe Agnew had dishonored the Vice Presidency and the Administration? the President was asked. His reply was perfectly in character. "It would be very easy for me to jump on the Vice President when he is down [straw man alternative] . . . but he did what he felt was right in resigning [sidestep what *Nixon* thought was right] . . . because of the criminal offense that was charged [carefully hedged phrasing] . . . and I'm not going to join anybody else [dig at the unidentified lynch mob—in reality Nixon's own Justice Department] in kicking him when he is down." Agnew's offense was not just charged, it was admitted; and other, far graver crimes were devastatingly outlined in Justice's thick book of evidence against him. Yet Nixon's words—to this day his *only* assessment of the affair—portrayed not a confessed and disbarred felon, only a poor guy down on his luck.

"I wouldn't kick a friend who was in trouble no matter what it might do to win me votes," Harry Truman said of convicted grafter Tom Pendergast on the Merle Miller tapes. Some people find this kind of perverse loyalty quite admirable—and Richard Nixon is among them, by his own account in the White House transcripts. This may well explain his damaging refusal to denounce some Watergate-tainted former associates—but I do not think mere personal cronyship can account for his moral shrug at the whole Agnew affair.

Richard Nixon and his first Vice President were never really friends, never personally close. It was not tenderheartedness but callous disdain that came through in the way Nixon toyed with Agnew's renomination status until just before the 1972 convention. Likewise in the President's amused incredulity this spring when interviewer James Jackson Kilpatrick asked if Agnew had been privy to the secret overtures to China.

Nixon's bland response to Agnew's offenses may well reflect the way he really feels. That is my reading of his incredible attempt to buck Agnew up on the eve of the latter's resignation by likening the bitter pill to his own 1960 election loss—just another setback, all politicians have them, what matters is not letting "them" think they've broken your spirit.

EVIDENTLY this is the same all-purpose "they" whom Agnew was speaking of when he told a veteran Maryland pol early in the kickback investigation that "they" were after him simply for doing what everyone has done in Maryland politics for a hundred years. And one gathers that the President and his ousted successor-in-waiting were pretty much of one mind that what hit Agnew was more in the category of rotten misfortune—a legalistic affront to accepted custom and usage—than of deserved justice. Agnew's last memorable phrase—his own, not a White House contribution to the speech—says it all: "post-Watergate morality."

Wide World Photos

Spiro T. Agnew talks with newsmen outside the federal court in Maryland.

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When I talked with the ex-VP one final time on October 25—he had called to say thanks for my help with the speech—his frame of reference still seemed to be that of a sort of companion-in-persecution with the President.

Citizen mail in response to his TV farewell had been voluminous and heavily favorable, Agnew said, proving to him that it was still possible to reach the public over the media's heads. "I hope the President knows that too," he added solicitously. If Nixon had ever said anything in their private encounters to make Agnew feel like something other than an American Edward VIII, abdicating in deference to a few people's stuffy sense of appearances, I got no hint of it from Agnew himself.

So we come to the bottom line. Judging from what I witnessed and was reliably told, Spiro T. Agnew never grasped that his blatantly corrupt practices in Maryland and in the Vice Presidency were legally and morally wrong. Richard Nixon seems not to have grasped it either—or at best to have continued viscerally condoning Agnew's conduct even while assenting intellectually to the insistence of George Beall, Henry Petersen, and Elliot Richardson that it could not be tolerated—or at the very best to have simply not given a damn, except to the extent Agnew's legal troubles threatened to compound his own.

In fairness we can concede that the kind of genuine moral growth which leads an individual to condemn his own past acts is very rare—too much so, indeed, to expect it of most men, especially those habituated to the narcotic, power. The contrition of an Egil Krogh or a Charles Colson is merely the exception that proves the rule. One is not surprised, therefore, to find Agnew unrepentant. That Nixon's attitude on Agnew should seem to mirror Agnew's own, however, is something else again.

Transpose that morally stunted mind from an open-and-shut, small-time kickback case like the Maryland scandal to a fantastically convoluted casus belli like Watergate with all its shadowy evidence, disputed law, inflamed emotions, and ulterior motives on both sides; remove the objectivity Nixon should have felt as an outsider to the Agnew mess and substitute in its place the virtually unlimited rationalization and self-justification that operate when the defendant is oneself; season liberally with national security, separation of powers, partisan animosity, and media grudges—and the President's obstinate refusal to consider any and all appeals to resign for the public good becomes not only understandable but as predictable as tomorrow's sunrise. I think he lacks the ethical circuits to respond constructively to any such appeal for altruism as Senator Buckley's.

When and why might Richard Nixon resign the Presidency? Only when and if he is confronted with an overwhelming superiority of forces and a dead end in all other directions of maneuver—something on the order of the 40 pages of evidence and the likelihood of a long prison term which faced Spiro Agnew unless he agreed to cop a plea and quit. Nixon's character as revealed in the Agnew mirror would not choose resignation for any nobler reason—honor, chivalry, patriotism, remorse, or whatever. Simply put, it is my feeling that he is just not equipped to feel responsible for the shambles around him.

Wide World Photos

Former Vice President Agnew arrives at the NBC studio in Washington to deliver his nationally televised farewell speech.

AND WHAT would be the manner of Mr. Nixon's going, should it come to resignation after all? Very probably it would be dignified, proud, not a little melodramatic, but more unifying than divisive all in all, if his advice to Agnew under similar circumstances is any guide. Notwithstanding a full quarter century of Herblock portrayals of this man as meanness incarnate, if he is finally forced to quit I would look for the gracious Nixon of 1960, the man generous in defeat as he announced from the Senate rostrum the Electoral College tally that would make John Kennedy President—not the sorehead of 1962 who lashed out in the famous "Last Press Conference." The President's strange pep talk to Agnew last October 9, for all the ethical myopia it reveals, would at least seem to augur that kind of bigness in a departing Nixon.

As for the oratory in such a scenario, well, among other things we can probably expect to hear an echo of the Duke of Windsor's Churchill-polished valedictory—elegant, emotional, yet restrained:

> I have made this, the most difficult decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would, in the end, be best for all . . . I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden . . . but I shall always follow the fortunes of the [American people] with profound interest, and if at any time I can be found of service . . . in a private station, I shall not fail. . . . God bless you all! God save the [Republic and President Ford]!

Of course, the whole nasty Nixon business will more likely go a different direction altogether. He may be impeached and convicted and depart as ignominiously as Sewell Avery departed his embattled desk at Montgomery Ward. Or he may win acquittal and be able to hang on grimly through January 1977—or even be rehabilitated enough to finish his term with honor. Any of these things or some other thing yet undreamed of may happen. But, still and all, so may resignation. If it does, the Agnew mirror will have foretold much about how and why. □

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YAF REUNION

Where Were You in '64?

ARNOLD STEINBERG

"I wonder how many of us tonight can say with certainty where he was and what he was doing exactly ten years ago. . . . I was right here in San Francisco making plans for a presidential race I knew I would lose."

—Senator Barry Goldwater

IT WAS A nostalgic trip for the members of Young Americans for Freedom who returned to San Francisco last month. Many of the younger YAFers, also present to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Goldwater triumph, were probably midway through elementary school in 1964. Hardly anyone remembered that the Sheraton Palace Hotel, site of the three-day YAF conference, was Nelson Rockefeller's 1964 convention headquarters.

YAF was the vanguard of the Goldwater crusade. For many young conservatives like me, the Goldwater campaign was the unique blend of philosophical motivation and novice political activism we craved. Barry Goldwater said it all when he told the crowd, "Nothing gives me more satisfaction than meeting someone who says, 'I wouldn't be interested in politics if it hadn't been for you.'" A generation in YAF is brief, but there was no generation gap here—the newest YAF recruits joined the founders of YAF in saluting the man who carried conservatism's banner with such grace. There were even a few Older Americans for Freedom, including the indomitable 84-year-old conservative benefactor, Mrs. Frank Rogers Seaver.

No message from any conservative leader better expressed the mood of the crowd than Barry Goldwater Jr.'s telegram: "Is there any question in anyone's mind tonight that my dad was right and everyone who supported him was right?" There was no question, judging by the reception Senator Goldwater received here, and he reciprocated the YAFers' enthusiastic demonstration of affection and respect ("Today's YAF leaders are tomorrow's national leaders," he said. "You can't possibly understand the impact your organization has had and is having in the politics of the nation").

Congressmen John Ashbrook, John Rousselot, and Sam Steiger addressed the conference, as did Phil Crane and Steve Symms, two men who were not serving in Congress in 1964. Many post-'64 senators and members of Congress among YAF's hundred-member Congressional Advisory Board were products of the Goldwater era—Bob Bauman, Jim Buckley, Barry Jr., Jesse Helms, Jack Kemp, Trent Lott, etc.—and they relied on YAF cadres to get elected.

The young conservatives, still eager for new stars, like California's Senate candidate Bill Richardson, who addressed the conference, were nevertheless disillusioned with politics. Many had been turned off by what one youthful activist described as the Nixon Administration's "ripoff of conservatism." The speakers were not optimistic: master strategist Clif White expounded on the malaise of the party system; Phil Crane expressed his continued disgust with left wing Republicanism ("If a party has an umbrella that big, why do we need a two-party system? We may as well have one"). YAF co-founder Doug Caddy, author of *The Hundred Million Dollar Payoff*, detailed the corruption of organized labor's political activities. John Hospers, author of *Libertarianism*, talked about the new libertarian party.

THE YAF spirit is steady, but not strong; Watergate must be part of the problem, because nearly every speaker spoke of it. The dispirited included Clarke Reed, Mississippi GOP chairman, and veteran Goldwater adviser Steve Shadegg, preoccupied with the Senator's final reelection bid. Conservative sage Stan Evans preferred impeachment to resignation. YAF national chairman Ron Docksai favored the Jim Buckley prescription—resignation for the good of the Republic. Barry Goldwater, departing from his prepared text, said, "This thing had to happen. You can't let the ethics of the people and the morals of the people go downhill the way Americans have been doing and not have a payoff . . . although I thought this would happen under someone else's Administration. I won't mention whose."

YAF's growth has also been stunted by campus apathy. SDS is no longer burning the campuses, and YAF must search harder for campus issues. Frank Donatelli, the 25-year-old law student who serves as YAF's executive director, is concerned about the drift of the young conservative movement. The YAF leaders, to their credit, are looking for answers. One couldn't help but notice the feeling of camaraderie—among YAF alumni, libertarians, traditionalists, high school activists.

The concluding banquet speaker, Ronald Reagan, was clearly Barry Goldwater's heir apparent. As usual, Reagan's delivery was superb: facts, figures, and anecdotes supported his argument that conservatives must "oppose the statists and collectivists who favor more government planning"; his engrossing delivery was as good as "The Speech," his famous 1964 talk in behalf of Goldwater (Reagan could never have advanced to the California governorship without the Goldwater campaign). The welcome Reagan received was reminiscent of the Goldwater rallies of the 1960s.

Many good people were missing from the reunion—Bill Rusher, Marvin Liebman, Lee Edwards, and others—and Karl Hess. When Ronald Reagan told the crowd that "Barry's unforgivable sin was to speak his mind," I remembered that some other veterans of 1964 were also missing: members of the Doyle Dane Bernbach advertising agency, which created the vicious anti-Goldwater television spots; Daniel Schorr, who asserted on network television that Goldwater was the candidate of the neo-Nazis; LBJ's White House Dirty Tricks Squad.

All in all a good party and not even Reagan aide Jeff Bell's gloomy prediction that the Republican Party would take a generation to recover from Watergate could spoil the fun. □

Mr. Steinberg, former political aide to Senator James L. Buckley, served as editor of YAF's national magazine, New Guard, *from 1967 to 1969.*

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New AAA Building in Fairfax, Va., calls for 20,000 sq. yds. of Milliken's MILSTAR® Corporate Square. In the dining room, free-lay tiles can be quickly removed for cleaning when spillage occurs to prevent soil tracking.

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, carpet new Chicago office with MILSTAR Corporate Square free-lay tiles for the versatility they offer, particularly when office partitions are moved.

Milliken Carpets cover a

Landmark Inn, new high-rise motel in Myrtle Beach, S. C., features Milliken carpets in all public areas. PALACE LIGHTS pattern, shown, was chosen for its colorful design and costly look at reasonable cost.

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Nan Lyons Elementary School is one of the new Tucson, Ariz., schools carpeted with MILSTAR Corporate Square. The free-lay tiles provide durability, and planned rotation helps compensate for heavy traffic patterns.

lot of important territory.

After extensive research, University Community Hospital administration in Tampa, Fla., chose Milliken's SKYLINE carpet for the handsome new wing. Decisive factors: Static control, soil-hiding properties, heavy-duty quality.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from Milliken.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business, LaGrange, Georgia

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Mood Is Gloom

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

WEEK BY WEEK the mood in Britain becomes stranger, more edgy, more apprehensive. Nobody can remember anything quite like it; not even in the worst days of the 1930s. Many people—and they tend to be the most intelligent and sophisticated—feel that an abyss of anarchy and economic disaster yawns just ahead, to be followed perhaps by some form of totalitarianism, either of the Right or of the Left. "I'd emigrate," they say, only half-joking, "if I could think of anywhere to emigrate to." Others, in effect, shrug their shoulders; agree that the future has become quite unpredictable; say there's nothing they can do about it; and are spending what money they've got, while it's still worth something.

The politicians, meanwhile, are preoccupied in maneuvering for the next election, which cannot be very long delayed. The date is entirely for the Prime Minister himself to choose; so the talk at Westminster, until the summer recess brought temporary relief, was all about timing and tactics. Parliament is deadlocked as a result of the last election; the opinion polls fluctuate wildly; and the shadow of an expected economic avalanche darkens every argument.

As though to provide a Wagnerian background to this drama, an IRA bomb recently sent flames blazing through the oldest part of the Houses of Parliament.

There are constant strikes. Several public services—notably London's buses and subways, the mail, and some hospital departments—seem to be tottering toward collapse. Mysterious shortages —of milk bottles, for example, and lavatory paper—come and go for no apparent reason. These are, of course, the classic symptoms of an accelerating inflation: and, according to the latest figures, Britain's inflation is now moving into the 20 to 25 per cent a year range. Already there is no way, when the combined effects of inflation and the steeply progressive income tax have been taken into account, for an Englishman to prevent his savings' being eroded by at least 7 per cent a year and, unless he's very lucky, by much more.

The stock market is wallowing in deep despair. The fall during the last two years has been greater than in the slump of 1929 to 1933. The share index is down by 50 per cent; which means that, in terms of real value, the entire growth of the past half century has been wiped out. Stock markets habitually overreact. If it were not for the political factor, present values would be much too low: and the government is trying to persuade businessmen that the future is brighter than they think. Unfortunately the reasons for this catastrophic loss of confidence are too substantial just to be talked away.

Investment has been stifled by years of compulsory price restraint and dividend control, and the Labor government, except when making soothing noises to audiences of businessmen, has shown itself incorrigibly hostile to the very idea of profits, dividends, and private ownership generally. The top rate of tax on investment income has been hoisted to an incredible 98 per cent. And there is worse to come. A wealth tax is threatened for the autumn, and plans are afoot, if the Labor Party wins the next election, for direct government interference in the affairs of all Britain's major industrial companies —including some, such as Ford and Esso, which are foreign-owned and could therefore easily switch any future investment to other countries.

Unions the Arbiters

The government's policy, meanwhile, is to control prices, to reduce profit margins, to create an elaborate network of subsidies, grants, levies, and regulatory boards, but to leave wages absolutely uncontrolled—the theory being that, in gratitude for the sight of a Labor government implementing a socialist program, the unions will voluntarily restrain their wage demands. This is known as "the social contract," and (to nobody's surprise) it is proving totally worthless.

The unions, at the moment, are the unchallenged masters, the final arbiters of policy, and they are enjoying their power. They destroyed the Conservative government; they have successfully resisted every attempt to bring their activities within a firmer framework of law; they have defied the courts with impunity; and they are blatantly dictating their wishes to this government. They still refuse to take inflation seriously, or if they consider it at all, they regard it as a useful means of redistributing wealth in their favor. Indeed, the Marxists among them—and the leadership of the biggest unions is openly Marxist—go further; they see inflation as the most effective instrument for destroying the capitalist system.

Naked Envy

There has just been a particularly nasty little strike, by members of the National Union of Public Employees, not for money, but against the continuance of any private medical practice within the socialized Health Service. They attempted to starve out the patients in the private wing of a London hospital, and the Minister of Health actually congratulated them on their effort. Their motive, although the union leaders called it "social concern," was naked envy, resentment that anybody should be free to have what everybody did not. "Why," asked one union official aggressively, "should private patients eat caviar instead of cabbage and custard like everybody else, even if they do pay for it?" The Labor government, having traded for years on exactly these unlovely emotions, cannot now prevent or control them. Not that it shows the slightest inclination to do so. On the contrary, class antagonism is still being deliberately fomented. There is a frightening degree of bitterness in the air.

The Conservatives are hindered, by past mistakes and by the unpopular leadership of Mr. Heath and his sadly mediocre colleagues, from fighting back

(Continues on page 939)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

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LETTER FROM ATHENS AND NICOSIA

It All Started in Cyprus

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

ATHENS, JULY 27—You would have to go back more than 50 years in Greek history to find a fortnight as turbulent as the one just ended. In 1922, the first King Constantine lost his throne, Greece lost all her holdings in Asia Minor, and the politicians who were at the helm during the debacle lost their heads. This time, however, things turned out differently for the politicians, the Turks, and possibly even the king.

In 1914, Britain annexed Cyprus when Turkey entered the war on Germany's side, and lost no time in establishing an all important base there. This arrangement continued uneasily even after Britain started dismembering her empire. Despite Greece's valiant fight on the Allied side in World War II, the British ignored Greek Cypriot demands for immediate *enosis* (union with Greece). Finally, Greek Cypriots, led by Archbishop Makarios and Georgios Grivas, took up arms in open rebellion, and succeeded in bringing the British to the bargaining table at Zurich in 1959.

In an effort to retain its foothold in the Eastern Mediterranean, London sought support from Turkey, which was determined that there should be no new base for Hellenism so close to the shore of Anatolia. Constantine Karamanlis, Greek prime minister at that time, was anxious to get on with his reconstruction program and refused to get bogged down in long negotiations over Cyprus. The result was that, from the negotiations she had helped the Cypriots to bring about, Greece lost more than she won. Although the Turks made up only 18 per cent of the population, they were accorded 30 per cent of the seats in parliament and posts in the civil service. The Turkish vice president was accorded veto power on all important decisions. Finally, *enosis*, the point of the rebellion in the first place, was dropped in favor of independence.

The result, predictably, was chaotic. Any law initiated by the Greeks was automatically vetoed by the Turks. Both communities armed themselves, and a de facto partition—a system of Turkish enclaves—came into being.

In order to survive, Makarios, who has been the Cypriot president since the Republic's inception, had tried to be all things to all men, weaving from left to right, balancing politeness to NATO with trips to Moscow, embracing Greek and Turkish leaders in turn. In the process, his original goal, *enosis*, was superseded by a desire to stay in power at all costs. If the Greek Cypriots were given the choice of Makarios and independence, or Mr. X and *enosis*, no one doubted for a minute that they would choose the latter. Makarios knew this; it was one reason for his desperate left-right political maneuvering: to make it seem that he was a skillful Realpolitiker, with his hands firmly on the reins. This maneuvering took a new turn when Makarios, seeing that the unpopular Greek junta was in trouble over oil rights in the Aegean, decided this would be the perfect time to oust the Greek officers of the Cypriot army.

For their part, the Colonels in Athens had long distrusted the "Red Bishop," as they called him, and were perfectly willing to use violence against him. They also calculated that they couldn't stand up to the Turks in the Aegean in the brewing controversy over oil rights if Cyprus were not under their control. The order went out: get rid of Makarios. Nikos Sampson was the junta's choice, an unfortunate one because of his propensity to shoot first and talk—or sing—later.

When I arrived in Cyprus on July 19, Sampson had been in power five days. The Greek Cypriots had already forgotten Makarios and were worried about a Turkish invasion. The Turks, who at first stated that Makarios' ouster was an internal affair, quickly recognized it as a perfect opportunity to gain a greater hold on the island.

On Saturday morning, the 20th, one of the hottest days in Cypriot memory, two battalions of Turkish paratroopers drifted out of the clear blue sky into the Turkish enclave in Nicosia. Most journalists were at the Lydria Palace Hotel, which straddles the dividing line between the Greek and Turkish quarters. The fierce fighting sent everyone scrambling for cover, while unchallenged Turkish Phantom jets rocketed the Greek units at will. Bazooka shells bounced off the hotel's walls, scaring the daylights out of everyone inside. Greek Cypriots, responding to calls to "take up arms and defend your homes," just got in the way of the Cypriot army, which was desperately trying to contain the Turkish advance. As night fell, however, the Turks were still confined to their original landing area.

Covering a war keeps a reporter more in the dark than any job I know of. Conflicting stories from obviously subjective soldiers confuse rather than inform, and the personal danger involved makes it almost impossible to tour the battlefields and see who's got what. So one has to guess and pray that one is right. In this case it was relatively simple. The Turks were trying to link Kyrenia (a harbor in the north, and a main landing point) with Nicosia, the center of the island and the city with the largest Turkish enclave. They were also trying to take over the airport; to get to it, they would have to overrun the position where most of the journalists were stationed. Thus, it did not take much guesswork to decide that they had not succeeded.

ACCORDING to military experts (the press was too prejudiced against the Sampson government to give an honest opinion) the Turks badly underestimated their adversary. They failed to coordinate armor with the air drop in order to cut through the Greek lines and open a "highway" from Kyrenia to Nicosia. In fact, most of the Turkish gains came on Monday morning, or after the ceasefire.

Meanwhile, back in Athens, the government had suddenly ceased to exist. Here are the steps leading to the junta's collapse, as told to this correspondent by the two generals—not mentioned by any dispatch I have seen—who brought it about.

The government's position began to weaken when the Americans started exerting pressure to withdraw the Greek officers from Cyprus in order to prevent

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a Turkish landing. The Greek high command refused. They thought they could easily drive the Turks into the sea. Morale was high—never have political differences been more quickly forgotten—but somehow throughout Saturday and Sunday the high command failed to send reinforcements for a counterattack. Sunday night, when reinforcements finally arrived from the mainland, they were too late to dislodge the entrenched Turks. Then came the UN resolution calling for the departure of the Greek officers and the restoration of the old order. Thus the opportunity went unexploited, a blunder with grave repercussions.

Having failed militarily, the junta tried to get the U.S. to intervene on its side. When the U.S. refused, the junta denounced the British, charging that they were supporting the Turks with arms and equipment, and Greek Cypriot students staged a demonstration against the British embassy in Athens. At the same time, Androutsopoulos, the Greek premier, proposed to the cabinet that Greece withdraw from NATO and the Western alliance. Greeks at NATO headquarters in Naples received orders to pack up and return home. At that point—so say my informants—Henry Kissinger, using regular military channels, warned Greek military leaders that the U.S. would react strongly to any attempt by Greece to withdraw from NATO.

Two Greek generals, senior in rank to the junta leaders, Lieutenant General Othon Kyrakopoulos and Lieutenant General Agamemnon Gratsios, persuaded the so-called *pistoleros* of the Ioannides faction to step down, accept a ceasefire, and instruct the president of the republic, General Phaidon Gizikis, a moderate, to call in political leaders and effect an orderly transition of power.

For two weeks the Greeks had been hearing martial music on the radio. Now, suddenly, this news was spread by word of mouth. People surrounded the parliament building to cheer the old politicians on their return. "It's like springtime after a seven-year winter," said one veteran newsman, and that's the way most of the crowd was feeling.

It is useless to pretend, no matter how disastrous civilian rule had been in the mid-Sixties, that military rule truly improved government in these ungovernable isles. The first three years of Papadopoulos' regime, marked by an absence of industrial strife and an influx of foreign investment, were the halcyon days (see "The Protracted Conflict," p. 912). But then, like most dictatorships, the leaders overstayed their welcome. The general malaise, intensified by adverse world opinion and, more recently, by the effects of the global economic crisis, gave Greece a faintly Albanian aspect.

When Constantine Karamanlis got off the Mystère jet that had brought him home from his 11-year exile, the crowds lining every street from the airport went into a state of ecstasy. Never have I seen such a welcome. Karamanlis has returned as the only possible savior of the country, but the problems he faces today are graver by far than the problems that led to his ouster a dozen years ago. □

Firing Line Guest: Tarzan

Mr. Buckley: My guest tonight is a swinger.
In fact his entrance into the studio on a couple of overhanging TV cables was a humdinger
Of grace in motion
Giving one some notion
Of the way we used to be I suppose
Before civilization set in and made us all go flabby and otiose.
It isn't every day we get a chance to interview someone who lives in perfect balance with the ecology,
And when addressing Mother Nature needn't begin his discourse with an apology.
The popularity of our guest has I rather think something to do with envy over a lifestyle at once primitive and fancy:
Home for him is an enchanting and comfortable tree house, where he lives a carefree life with his svelte wife,
Jane, their son, Boy, and a mischievous chimpancy
Named Cheetah.
I'd like you all to meetah
Guest, the real King of the Beasts and Lord of the Jungle Zeitgeist,
Tarzan of the Apes, the timeless creation of Edgar Reist Burroughs. Is
There anyone less prone to the debilitating nurroughsis,
I wonder? Tarzan, having you here is a special thrill.
Tarzan: Me, Tarzan; you, Bill.
Mr. Buckley: Me, that is, I, suppose you brought with you some wisdom from the jungle for the average
Man. I think, for example, of Rousseau's Noble Saverage.
Tarzan: Asphalt bad on feet:
Use vines cross street.
Mr. Buckley: That idea has flaws. Didn't you read
Ralph Nader's book? Vines are unsafe at any speed.
Tarzan: Tarzan not agree.
Mr. Buckley: Also I presume you carry enough life insurance to protect the wife, kid, and monkey.
Tarzan (pounding chest): Tarzan strong. Breathe clean air. Eat nature food.
Mr. Buckley: I do hate to be the one to bust up your mood
Of security,
Tarzan, but people in your continent happen to have a very low index of futurity.
Tarzan: Tarzan worry. What he do?
Mr. Buckley: Maybe you can sue
Mr. Burroughs for leaving your rear unprotected.
I would advise you to go to the man elected
To look after your part of paradise,
And ask him in a nice
Way about your grounds for a possible suit.
Tarzan: Suit? Tarzan like breachclout.
Mr. Buckley: That will do I suppose until you start getting stout.
Tarzan (looking pale, gets up and stumbles to the studio elevator He emits a rather pathetically weak jungle yell):
Tarzan get Hell
Out of here! Him now civilized wreck! Will
Send you, Buckley, the Bill!

—JOHANNES EFF

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THE NOW GENERATION

Man, This Country's Too Much!

JOHN R. CASSIDY

SOMEBODY ONCE ASKED Gertrude Stein why she hardly ever listened to the radio and she said, "Because there is too much music in the world." That not only made a lot more sense than "Pigeons on the grass, alas!" or "It was black, black took," but it also stated an ineluctable fact; there *was* too much music then, and there is even more of it now. An article in *The New Yorker* recently listed all the American pop singers the author could think of, and the list took up half the page. There are too many of these singers, and there is also too much wheat germ and vitamin E and television, and too many cars and airplanes and controls and soap ads and people who squeeze the Charmin. This is no more the Century of the Common Man than it is the American Century. This, in case you didn't know, is the Century of Too Much. Now, I don't mean this the same way the ecologists do. The fact is, we have too many ecologists too. Nor do I picture everybody leaping about the Grand Tetons in goatskins, getting back to nature. We just *must* have things like cars and poppin' fresh dough; what we do not need is too much of them, and in today's world if you don't watch out you'll have too much of *anything* you happen to like.

When I start thinking about the old days of not quite enough, my mind always seems to focus on Hervey Allen's hero, Salathiel Albine, in Juniata, Pennsylvania in the mid-1700s. Salathiel was born in a bark lean-to, as I remember, and he was brave, honest, frugal, and resourceful throughout his life, which was long (there was too much Hervey Allen in those days too, you will remember), and he never had too much of anything.

Take music. He would go for weeks or months without hearing any music at all. Was that bad? Was he an incomplete man because of it? Did he long for a guitar? Had he ever even heard of a guitar? Because that's one of the reasons there is too much music in this country—there are too many guitars. Most high school students today have at least one. Most of them know three chords, and the tiresome vamp which begins the Beatles' "Day Tripper." Since most guitar players today use only three chords, anybody can write music for them, and if you started out to write a song I could take it up half way through and finish it just exactly the way you would have done it. It will sound just like last year's "I Need You Bay-bayeee!" or last month's "Don't You Wawnt Muh-eee?" or last week's "All Ah Wawnt Is Luv, Bay-bayeee!" (there is too much *luv* in the world too, and too many *you knows*, too much *man!* and *like* and *into*).

CONGRESS could pass a law, of course, but there are already too many laws. That's because there are too many Democrats. I suppose the Democrats would say there are too many Republicans, but we've got them there! Fat, fat, water rat! I say there is too much Watergate too, and they would say we've had too much Nixon, but we've got them there too, because there is more of Sam Ervin in this country than almost anything you can name. He has had more air time than Nixon ever had. He is our national expert on Troubled Waters. Not content with fishing in them for months on television, he has used our radios to build a drawl-bridge across them, and may thus very well have become our first non-guitar-playing folk talker. One of these is too many.

Please do not laugh. There is also too much laughter in the United States. Salathiel Albine probably never heard more than one joke a month, if that many. In his day, jokes had to last a long time. Since television is too much almost any way you look at it, it is not surprising that television provides its own antidote to too much laughter by giving us too much news. Six hundred correspondents were in Saigon on any given day to report the war, even when the war was not being fought that day. Remember the slogan, "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" Television commentators pontificated about that for some weeks, as I remember. What I wonder, though, is, "What if you have an hour of news and there isn't any?" I'll tell you what; you announce that the people from Dingle County are driving surreptitiously across the county line to use Dangle County's Sanitary Landfill, and you ask your correspondent on the spot what the situation is as of this moment. Your correspondent on the spot appears on the screen, standing in a heavy overcoat, microphone in hand, with his back to 40 acres of garbage, and takes up five minutes—minutes fraught with expensive electronic technology—to explain how Dinglers manage this unspeakably clever ruse, and to interview anonymous Dinglers who shrug brazenly for the camera, as if this bootlegging of garbage were a minor peccadillo; and finally, to note that the Dangle County Commissioner is taking steps to have this offal traffic stopped. The correspondent on the spot concludes his report with a lifted eyebrow, and shows every viewer where the thoughtful correspondent stands on law and order by saying solemnly, "Politics in Dangle County being what they are, however, it remains to be seen whether these countermeasures will be effective. Marvin Mud, KBC News, at the Dangle County Landfill."

AS IF too much news weren't altogether enough of an antidote to too much laughter, television also provides us with too much of an antidote by adding too much commentary. If the gaiety of Mr. Ed ever proves too much for you, tune in to Eric Sevareid. That will fix you up. He doesn't laugh. He disapproves of anything untragic or non-outrageous. If you turn the sound off while he is talking you may be struck by how much he looks like a folk singer, but remember that this is only an illusion. He's really just bawling us out, as usual.

Anyway, you could tell he is not a folk singer by the length of his hair. There is, needless to say, entirely too

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Mr. Cassidy, a former State Department and CIA official, is a freelance writer.

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Kissinger on Legitimacy

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IT IS VERY rare nowadays for a scholar to enter the arena of politics. True, Amintore Fanfani once wrote books on social theory and Ludwig Erhard taught economics; Gunnar Myrdal became a cabinet minister and Professor Masaryk was president of Czechoslovakia—but they are the exceptions. Yet before World War I it was not unusual for a high political or administrative position to be filled by the cultured gentleman who, though not precisely a scholar, wrote well, spoke several languages, had read most of the important books, and would eventually compose his memoirs without the aid of a ghostwriter. Such men seldom go into politics any more, and the genuine scholar can hardly tear himself away from his books. Henry Kissinger, however, is a scholar, a man of political action, and a statesman—a breed that has practically died out in this age of proletarian tyranny. I knew this interesting man when he taught at Harvard and edited *Confluence*, a quarterly review of high quality and truly international scope to which I contributed several articles.

As I watched Mr. Kissinger on Austrian television a few weeks ago furiously denouncing his detractors in the United States, I was reminded of the violent wave of protest he touched off this spring by saying that there have been few really legitimate governments in Europe since 1918. Europeans were understandably upset by the tone and context of that statement, but they might have been less upset if they had studied Mr. Kissinger's book on Metternich, *A World Restored*, and had seen just how much his thought is influenced by the great historian Guglielmo Ferrero.

Hundred Years' Peace

Ferrero is less well known in Europe than he should be. An anti-Fascist exile in Geneva, he died, little noticed, in the middle of World War II. Americans, however, were struck by his books on the outcome of the Napoleonic wars, which by implication said a good deal about how to end World War II. Ferrero's *Reconstruction of Europe*, in particular, struck a chord among thoughtful Americans—those Americans interested not in revenge but in a lasting peace: the Congress of Vienna kept another world war from starting for a century. Henry Kissinger, still a student when these books were published, was profoundly impressed by them.

Ferrero's last, three-part work treated a very important side issue—the psychological aspects of government and the distinction between legitimate, quasilegitimate, and illegitimate rule. Illegitimate governments, said Ferrero, are tyrannies based on fear and resented by most of the citizens. Quasilegitimate governments are those accepted by most of the people without enthusiasm but with a feeling that life is tolerable and that no other form is practicable under the circumstances. Legitimate governments are those considered by their subjects or citizens to be as natural as the air they breathe; change is practically unimaginable, basic loyalties are perfect. According to Ferrero, none of these three "phenotypes" is universally identified with a particular form of government. For Switzerland the legitimate form of government is the federal republic; for Bavaria, it is the monarchy.

All of this should have been in our minds when Mr. Kissinger declared that legitimate governments are rare in Europe. If we accept Ferrero's definitions, it is difficult to deny that Mr. Kissinger was right. Except for Switzerland and the islands and peninsulas of northwest Europe, what European country has a truly legitimate government right now? This is why free Europe is an exceedingly insecure partner for the United States. The governments have no real authority in their own countries, and, since they rest on free elections, they lack permanence. How can you trust a nation whose political parties keep clamoring for a radical change of alliances, of the political structure, of the economic system, of the very fabric of society? Is it an exaggeration to say that a nation more than one-fifth of whose voters are Communist is a "security risk" for the United States? To what extent can a country be a trustworthy partner if its government can be supplanted at the next election by a political body with a radically different ideology? Whigs and Tories in eighteenth century Britain were, by modern standards, not very far apart, but even then the sudden changes in Britain's government—and hence in her policies—earned her the name "perfidious Albion."

Who's Legitimate?

The United States still has a legitimate government because, for better or for worse, the vast majority of Americans continue to have a quasi-religious veneration for their Constitution. Even Watergate has not changed this. But Switzerland is the only country in continental Europe of which the same could be said.

Perhaps, to a certain extent, Belgium and the Netherlands have legitimate regimes—partly because their monarchical tradition imparts a certain authority to the government. But what about France, which, a few weeks ago, nearly elected the Communists' man as president? And what about Italy, where governments succeed each other with revolving-door rapidity and Berlinguer, the Communist from Sardinia, is ready to pounce? And is the new Portugal perhaps toying with the idea of letting its tremendously rich colonies become outposts for Moscow and Peking? And what will become of Spain as Franco fades out?

It is my belief that we might all have a better chance of survival—no assurance but at least a chance—if we had legitimate governments. They could make clear decisions; they could plan for years ahead; they could impose the necessary sacrifices on the population. The fact remains that Mr. Kissinger was dead right: Europe never regained its balance after 1918. It has betrayed its best traditions and its true genius. However, what Mr. Kissinger did not mention (though he knows it only too well) is the fatal role the United States, guided by Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt, played in this decline. □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Mr. Brudnoy's Argument

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

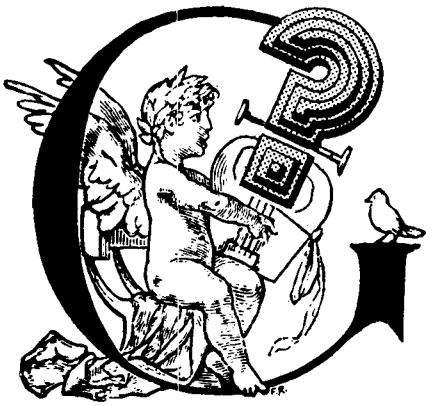
WHAT INTERESTS ME about Mr. Brudnoy's plea for homosexual rights is that it is offered as a *conservative* argument. Its point of departure is a NATIONAL REVIEW editorial, its author claims as his own the "conservative temperament," and it scoffs at those conservatives who resort to "fundamentalist" appeals to Scripture or to "ritualistic" or "totemistic" appeals to "Western civilization." Not that Mr. Brudnoy offers the least clue to the distinction between the scoundrelly and the legitimate appeals to Scripture and tradition, nor to why we should consider *NR*'s appeals to them as scoundrelly.

Let us be clear about what Mr. Brudnoy wants. He wants equality not just for homosexuals (who already have it, in that they are measured against the same standards as the rest of us), but for homosexuality itself. We are to stop regarding the sodomite as a second-class citizen—and what is more, we are to stop regarding sodomy as second-class sex. True, he says we (*qua* free individuals) needn't practice, or like, or approve homosexuality. But we must (*qua* governors) regard it as "merely another lifestyle."

That is asking a lot of people who have a way of life, and a reverence for those who have bequeathed that way of life to them. And in order to get by our "prejudice" on the point, Mr. Brudnoy can hardly do otherwise than disparage conservative appeals to "Western civilization" as the matrix of the norms and values that should guide us.

He too invokes the past, but only to make the hardly necessary factual point that sodomy, where tolerated, has never driven coitus out of the erotic marketplace. Even so, he has some of his facts wrong. Elizabethan England, for instance, held sodomy a perversion, a mortal sin, and a capital offense. Even good old Athens had laws against it—true, they were laxly enforced, and the pederast could safely find himself a nubile boy, but the fact remains that Athens never gave deviance the full parity of status that is now demanded for it. I doubt that any civilization ever did. Or ever could.

Mr. Brudnoy's appeal to the future is more deferential. He worries that posterity may look back on us as a benighted people. He does not explain, however, why anyone of the "conservative temperament" should worry more about what our descendants *may* think than about what our ancestors *did*



think. I myself care deeply about the rights of the unborn, but I do not spend much time courting their good opinion.

The point is, we Westerners have a past, and it ought to count for something. We have a vast literature of sexuality; almost all of it celebrates the fruition, or bemoans the frustration, of the love of man and woman; and most of it envisions that love as properly consummated in marriage. Even illicit lovers like Antony and Cleopatra, who announce their superiority to "this vile world," never suppose that the world could, or should, be otherwise. They glory in their tragedy, and do not suggest that it might have been averted by the general adoption of Hefnerite sex codes.

Not only our poetry and drama, but our religions, laws, customs, songs, proverbs, myths, rituals, even our jokes, all testify to a profound historical consensus about the special dignity of love and wedlock, fidelity and procreation. To dismiss all these as expressions of mere "preference," of no presumptive weight or authority, is arrogant, even nihilistic. No truly conservative temperament would be deaf to such a chorus of ancestral voices, much less sneer at appeals to it as "totemistic." Even a skeptical conservative should respect the totems of his own tribe. Nor does Mr. Brudnoy suggest how *any* values (as distinct from preferences), including his own libertarian ones, are to be intimated when the testimony of history is ruled inadmissible.

And contrary to libertarian daydreams, the state cannot remain neutral on moral issues. Certainly not *our* state, as Mr. van den Haag observes. Abortion too was supposed to become a merely "private matter," and behold: we have on our hands bitter disputes about the use of tax monies and public facilities for performing abortions. (Some of our "civil libertarians" now deny the right of a private hospital and its personnel to *refuse* to kill the unborn.) Likewise the sexual revolution, waged at first in the name of privacy and freedom, has progressed to the point of imposing degradation on all of us. The full legal authorization of homosexuality will have results that are hard to foresee while our ears are being dinned with slogans about "dignity." It would, for instance, rule out considering homosexuality as even a *possible* disqualification for adoptive parenthood.

IN SHORT, the practical result of official agnosticism on such matters as obscenity, life in the womb, and normal sexuality, is to liberate the degraders. If we say, "we know what obscenity is, but we will permit it for discreet adults in carefully defined places," then we may contain it. But if we say, "we don't know what obscenity is," we will see it on the billboards. The health of any society depends in part upon its ability to make elementary affirmations of value. It is just such affirmations that sexual levelers and incoherent libertarians—among whom I hope we need not permanently number Mr. Brudnoy—would forbid us to make. □

Mr. Sobran is an associate editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

Our religious leaders seem more interested in baboons and test tubes, Skinner and Freud, than in God. Dr. Martin foresees no early end to their behaviorist twitchings

Religion: All Quiet on the Western Front

MALACHI B. MARTIN

AT THIS PARTICULAR moment in the American experience, whoever undertakes a regular column concerning religion and religious topics has to recognize that the field is mined and booby-trapped for the unwary.

From the start, he can wield a reliably sectarian cudgel. In that case, he can carry on a harmless dialogue with himself and perhaps with some fellow sectarian sympathizers. But, at the slightest temptation, he will quite willingly beat the back off anyone who disagrees with him. This is easy and (for him) can be enjoyable. But it relegates him to one small dark corner where blood is shed and love never shines.

Alternatively, he can pick and choose his path through the maze of contradictory circumstances in which the religions find themselves trapped and which define their condition and their behavior. Having accomplished that, he can end up either in the safety of an unassailable cynicism or, at best, in the pose of a "detached" and "objective" assessor contentedly expert in the barren reportage of "facts." But, then, in both cases some mysterious alchemy of the religious situation has hoodwinked him: unwittingly, he has been transported bodily outside his field, and he finds himself functioning as a material observer whose scrutiny will ever be eluded by spirit and its operations. As without the agreement of love, so without the light of spirit, a genuine religious discussion is excluded.

For, making all genuinely religious thought and writing (as well as all genuine religion) possible, there is one basic paradigm of reference. It is that we do not live in a material world. Our home is a human universe. It has two constituents: matter, which engages science (and, increasingly, religion, religious thought and discussion) to the point of absorption; and spirit, which transfuses all that exists and, by making love possible, alone gives this universe its human meaning. The religious writer's brief of activity insists that he elucidate the workings of that spirit and the objective of that love. But, in that assignment, he will be hard put to avoid the inconsequential mirth of a religious pollyanna or the bewildered despair of a foiled do-gooder.

Baboons v. *the Soul*

Today, most writers on religion seem to be taking a backseat ride with the scientist, the sociologist, the psychologist, and the anthropologist. Whatever its dubious religious quality, the bulk of such religious writing cannot but be of secondary value as it deals with these different subjects. And, indeed, apart from the official and professional publications of still vibrant groups (Mormons, Christian Scientists, and Jehovah's Witnesses are the foremost here), writing about religion itself seems now to be a matter of baboons, test tubes, cosmic flows, therapeutic suggestibility, polls and statistics, Skinnerian reinforcement, computerized data, parapsychology, social activism, and political witnessing, rather than a matter of God, salvation, soul, sin, virtue, immortality, and spirit.

Still, in the middle of this desert, there appears to be a vast search going on. There is, for instance, the unprecedented enthusiasm for books such as *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and *The Exorcist*, the intense interest in Erich Von Däniken's space gods and Hal Lindsey's *Satan*, together with the growing popularity of the Maharishi's Transcendental Meditation, the Maharaj Ji's Nectar-cum-Light-cum-Music-cum-Word, the pullulation of Jesus and Satan cults, the neo-Buddhism of the West Coast, the charismatic movement, and the continuing force of evangelism outside our big American cities. You may not share any of this enthusiasm and interest; but, surely, this general groundswell points to an ever growing number of people searching for some religious values, for some anchor that will allow meaning to reside amid the ever increasing facts of life; or for love and hope to take the place of our unacceptable despair.

What about organized and traditional religions? When you examine them, you feel at first that they should be in for the best of times, while being themselves a fruitful subject for writing. The sting and hate is gone out of many relationships—or so it seems. There is no Father Coughlin zinging the Jews,

Dr. Martin, author of Jesus Now, *was a Jesuit professor at the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Rome.*

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and no Paul Blanshard sowing contempt and suspicion with professional zeal. There are encouraging signs such as the Mormons weakening in their scriptural bias against blacks. And, obviously, we can stand an occasional fracas on the order of Leonard Bernstein's blasphemous treatment of Chalice and Sacrament in his so-called *Mass*, or the timeworn Jewish stereotypes trotted out fecklessly in *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Furthermore, there is the quite amicable give-and-take of ecumenism in the afterglow of the Second Vatican Council. Protestants and Catholics, and sometimes even Jews, exchange pulpits. Catholic and Rabbinic authorities have a smooth understanding about points of former friction (e.g., mixed marriages, co-celebration of funerals, etc.). Catholics, Jews, and Protestants partake of social activism together, and are particularly united in political activism (the Clergy and Laity Concerned with Vietnam and joint resolutions on Watergate are just two of many good examples). The steady Protestantization of Catholics after the Vatican Council and the Romanization of many of the larger Protestant denominations have been supplemented by formal talks between some of them which bid fair to ease doctrinal differences by smoothing sharply worded terminology and by expanding precise formularies to acceptably general and noncommittal statements of agreement. At least, people are trying to be agreeable.

Bureaucracy and Go-Go

But, on close examination, most major religious denominations seem to suffer from one or both of two major afflictions. There is either a general paralysis in religious leadership that must be counted as bulking large in the increasing ineffectualness of religion in this troubled environment of ours. Or there is a behaviorism which sometimes looks like a cross between St. Vitus' Dance, the imitative faculty of insecure children, and the habits of the more moderate medieval Cathari.

The paralysis in leadership only allows of ecclesiastical bureaucracy with its mainstays: committees, blueprints, political influence, democratizing discussions, job-hunting and patronage, managerial projections, and the anonymous gravamen of any bureaucratic body whose chief aim must be self-preservation. Add to this a brutal fact of life today: to survive physically within an economy as inflationary as ours, organizations must devote 85 per cent of their energies to active concern with economic viability. Men concerned mainly with money and economic viability are the same all over the world. There is nothing specifically religious about them.

The second affliction, the behaviorism, is quite another thing. It bursts forth unexpectedly—kaleidoscopic, gyrating, fleeting, changing. It is everywhere, anywhere, every day. Are you in the mood for comic relief? Take Shirley Thomas, professional exotic dancer in a coin-covered bikini, knocking out a go-go dance to the strains of the Beatles' "Money," while they pass the plate in the Unitarian Universalist Congregational Church of Atlanta. Are you looking for the illogical and the irrelevant? Listen to G. Wilson Knight asserting that Jesus was "androgynous, filled with both masculinity and femininity, thus transcending our sexuality while he shares it." The pathetic? Here is Betty Friedan speaking to the trenchantly phrased question "Is God He, or Was God He, or How Did That Come About?" at a New York Town Hall debate. Want to sample the pointless? Stop by for a really new Mass said on a living room sofa in suburban New Jersey. The irresponsible? Read Dan Berrigan likening his unlawful underground flight from the FBI to St. John's Dark Night of the Soul, and blink to see him later hailed as a man of conscience in a public statement released by major religious superiors. Care to weep? Witness Jean Cardinal Danielou's death in suspicious and painfully embarrassing circumstances, followed by no meaningful statement from his fellow Princes in the Church, only by an attempted coverup and the awkward and saddening silence we have come to expect from any ordinary power brokers dealing with their tainted image.

Whatever it may be, one must usually categorize the particular initiative as merely a religious imitation or an imitation by a religious person of some social, political, or cultural activity. Among the 200 rising leaders of our American future listed in the July 15 issue of *Time* Magazine, there are six clergymen. Each one's claim to a place on that distinguished roster lies in the sphere of social activism (and no one can fault them in that) for which their clerical identities served as launching pads. None has given equally outstanding religious leadership. But for their collars and their calling cards, we might mistake them for Sargent Shriver.

Those six clergymen, fairly chosen and duly representative, are almost a modern parable in themselves. For, apart from a certain diminishing hard core in each of the major Christian denominations as well as in the small (2 per cent of the total population) Jewish sector, the bulk seems to be undergoing total immersion in the ambience to the point of having no specifically religious reaction, proposal, policy, or interpretation of their own.

In our American ambience, as many have noted already, national literary discussion, public debate, and, one fears, the very thought processes of religionists are simply allied with or coopted by the general stream of thinking that has come to concern mainly (one hesitates to say only) verifiable facts. This is nothing else but the legacy—which dies harder than they did —of the logical positivists, who have been so badly discredited, even by their own most basic standards. In accordance with that legacy, whole generations of men and women have been trained and formed *not* to see and understand spirit. Instead, our casual thoughts as well as our serious considerations about human beings and their humanness are grounded exclusively on three practical mythologies: the "scientific method" and its pervasive technologies, Darwinian evolution, and the late twentieth century "psychologism"—a hybrid of the tattered remnants of classical Freudianism plus a gaggle of new contenders. Faithful to these mythologies, we are not only preoccupied with matter and its ramifications, but we insist a priori that there is no value or validity in anything unless it is reduced to the dimensions of matter. We thus explicitly exclude spirit from our optic. The difficulty is that the further we go in this Cyclopean faddism, the greater is our entrapment.

In the religious optic, when things of the spirit are subjected to this process, so alien and hostile to it, everything is upside down and inside out. The "givens" are disallowed. Our greatest fear is to be nonobjective; so we label our biases as objective. The prism of control knowledge through which we should look at all other knowledge (including that of "science" and of the "facts"), in order to perceive its human

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meaning, is objectively declared unfit for our use. We unknow that prime knowledge. By that fact, we are bereft of spirit, of meaning. We are condemned by pain to search, and by prejudice to be ignorant of what we seek.

Religion has at the very least shown de facto acceptance of this process. More often, religionists have simply adopted it as their own. Either way, they have become incapable of ameliorating its brutalizing effects. And, predictably, the result for religion itself is pathetic and tragic. Church life is assessed on statistical strengths and financial well-being. The computer, as Monsignor John M. Costello of St. Brendan's in the Bronx has observed, now has us "attuned to the pulse beat of our people's needs and [we] can project ahead." Morality, whether it concerns clerical celibacy, premarital sexuality, political patronage, or foreign policy, is judged on the basis of ayes and nays, of head counts. Above all, there ceases to be an inner light of faith, a felt experience of the divine in a world translucent with its spirit. The pragmatics of the passing movement are paramount. And, finally, we lose even our attachment to a historical tradition rooted in a central revelation at one time in one place.

The recent report of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops is a belated official recognition of the resultant dilemma. "Transcendent religious belief," it concludes, "finds itself engaged in direct contestation with a secularistic and humanistic world view which rejects religion and absolute moral values." Alas, such recognition is just a mite too late. "Direct contestation" seems to be over. Our religious organizations and religionists have for too long had recourse primarily to secular power and its principles of self-preservation. The "secularistic" and the "humanistic" rejected the specifically religious some time ago; they have conquered and been accepted in its place.

Now, some time after the event, even as all power is mysteriously slipping away from the grasp of its traditional possessors, religions and their institutions too are in the same lurch as all centers of this-world power. It is not surprising. In the face of this stark reality so lately admitted, the major Christian denominations (Anglican/Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox) have a major and two-faceted problem: can they cut loose from the company of power brokers? And can they rely on spirit for authority? Probably, they cannot. It is more than flesh and blood can accept. And their efforts, in any case, seem to be to change the bureaucracy, but to leave the soul as it is.

The lesser Christian denominations, afflicted by the same power associations and drives, have an additional problem: can they rid themselves of their idiosyncrasies and small triumphalisms, to follow the spirit's urging, to fuse with that spirit's work as it leavens the whole? Again, probably not. Most of them would cease to exist as distinct entities. And suicide (as they would consider it to be) is not palatable.

While Jewish religionists have to deal with thorny problems concerning the elite and race (both central to Judaism and, paradoxically, both unacceptable terms in today's climate), their principal problem is again related to power. For Judaism becomes (for many Jews) a humanistic attachment to an ancient cultural heritage centered in Israel. For many others, it becomes a supreme loyalty—overriding their present nationalisms—to a sociopolitical entity (Israel) as the only guarantee against "another Hitler and another holocaust." And in neither case, of course, are we talking of spirit, but of attachment to power in the material order. Will Judaism itself now turn to spirit for its religious reliance and inspiration? Probably not. The recent past is too traumatic. The near future is too problematic.

Part-Time Panic

As far as this writer is concerned, and with all these circumstances as a backdrop, there are chiefly two signposts to guide his analysis of, and commentary on, religion today. One is the evident breakup of institutions. The other—a more intangible one—is to be found in the emergent effects of spirit working within this human universe.

Very few of us now are not aware of the breakup. We realize that the cement between the building blocks of religious and civil institutions is crumbling, that the vital firmness in the traditional molds of our humanness is weakening. Hence, our part-time panic, our periodic pessimisms, and our bursts of febrile inventiveness to keep the whole thing going in the hope that the wind of change will die down. And, in spite of any well intentioned prophecy of round-the-corner Pentecostals, there is realistically nothing in view at present but an autumn deepening into winter, in which one can foresee only further dislocation, fragmentation, social anarchy, vain personalisms, confusions, diminishing liberties, and wild desire.

Looked upon with a materialist eye the situation calls, first, for purely social, psychological, and political explanations; and, consequently, for solutions exclusively deriving from such explanations. But, as we are already finding out, such solutions and explanations lead only to repetitions of past historical mistakes and, thence, to new or deepened crises. No traditional "mix" seems to work any more. All our solutions seem to be jinxed.

To the religious eye, the breakup is the effect of spirit in a universe that has been saved by gratuitous and eternal love. For that eye, reality dictates that only the dimension of spirit restored to our calculations will eventually see us through our winter.

The workings of the spirit are subtle and, because our modern mind is trained to unknow them, largely unrecognizable by us. We only recognize what we know. Religious commentary must discover the outlines of spirit by scrutinizing newly emergent conditions: negative ones, such as the disappearance of cultural presuppositions, regional bastions, parochial blindnesses, individual prejudices; positive ones, such as the several traits of a new inner commonality shared by greater and greater numbers of men and women all over the globe.

Chiefly, however, the commentator's gaze must be on organized religions of East and West today. For they are now confronted with a bare choice. Many religionists may take a long time to acknowledge it. They will either cooperate with that ruthless autumnal winnowing of the spirit and be purified of their reliance on material power during the long winter wait; or, with a strong dose of this-worldly realism, they will finally surrender even the thinnest pretense to be at spirit's disposal: they will reject the hope and the promise of spirit, making their own that hideous equanimity of the ancient pagan buried on the Aventine in Rome whose tomb inscription is a summation of finality and the grinning antithesis of hope: *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* (I today, you tomorrow). □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Watergate Bizarre

It was billed as "a marathon reading of the Watergate tapes." For 33 hours they tied off at the elbow, mainlining through worm-fat engorged veins. They snorted it, smoked it, shot it up; they ate it baked in cookies. New York City's chic and near-chic nodding, nodding, their pupils fuzzy as felt buttons. Watergate is the opiate of the elitists. Nixon can handle it better. Comes an impeachment trial, preempting *Sesame Street* from Amagansett to Oahu, and America's liberal establishment may OD en masse, dead in the john like Lenny Bruce.

It had the geography of a medieval street market. Booths for food and games: hit Mitchell with a dart; find the gap in Rose Mary Woods's tape. And a stage for the big morality play, everyman and everywoman getting his/her chance to be D or H or E or the capital P. A church hosted it, what did you expect? St. Clements is the show-biz arm of New York Episcopal Diocese, where on occasion toilets have joined paten and chalice as instruments of the Eucharist, where God works for an Equity minimum. All Watergate Bizarre lacked was attendance. Posters on every light stanchion from 34th Street to 96th Street and still there were only 11 in the audience at prime time, ten o'clock Wednesday. The young ladies who served cheese and darts came down from a swanky casting call. They were on the make; couldn't've cared less for H or E. They stuffed name plus two telephone numbers (home and service) in the vest pockets of actors, directors, producers. Even I got one.

Radicals go for violence. Plumbers maximize things in their special way. By contrast, the liberal community playacts. Televised hearings have reinforced the habit: Watergate means theater and ceremony. In five minutes I heard three remarks from three different conversations. "The Supreme Court's taking over was our Act Two curtain." "But when do I get my catharsis?" "The whole thing may trail off without a finale." Liberals have sculpted Watergate into the shape of art: beginning, middle, impeachment. But it's exploitation stuff, the equivalent of *Shaft in Harlem*. There are no subtleties, no complex characterizations. You can tell the bad guys, they wear white heads. It's quite unlike that other drama, Chappaquiddick: there the protagonist was given Hamlet's deep ambivalence.

By structuring the event, liberals distance themselves. It's the relationship of actor to audience, not representative to constituency. Liberals anyway have a distaste for the grimy undercarriage of politics. Their ideal statesmen wear laurels, also fig leaves. And they never exercise political power. What they do instead is not easily understood: they teach, they lead by example, they are. Power is assertive and assertion is wrong. Liberals can't cope with power as reality. This is somewhat different from the John Mitchell strategy. More squeamish, to say the least. But not all that much better.

Liberals have always approached crisis issues in this dilettante manner. The antiwar movement was a kind of touring company; pig blood rituals, mock napalmings, Berrigan's dramatized trial. Nothing has changed. Well, a little has changed. Remember the omnipresent peace sign? They've done a nose job on it. The ambiguous circle with its chicken track inside is symmetrical now, pie-cut into three equal sections. An Ampex tape reel. It appears again and again: at Watergate Bizarre, for instance, as the 50 stars in the American flag backdrop, as Nixon's yo-yo on the poster. Drama requires symbol; the two circles suggest continuity. Their play has been adapted from TV since 1968, but the players, listed in order of their aggressiveness, are the same old quick change artists.

It's a measure of our President's particular genius that he gave them the script. You might as well open Thom McAn's to a shoe fetishist. And the Watergate transcripts read beautifully: half Beckett, half a young Arthur Miller. Colleen Dewhurst, Sylvia Miles, Rita Gam, Patrick O'Neal, perhaps a hundred performers in 33 hours and very few played it for laughs. They interpreted Haldeman as a method actor might: crew cuts in the voice. They were getting a chance to *play* power, the way decrepit Shakespeareans wait for a shot at King Lear, and they were fascinated by it, they felt the part. To me, the Watergate transcripts are lewd; they'd have done better bugging the men's room of a transient hotel. To them, it's pop art, authentic as Congo wood carvings or graffiti on an A train. The transcripts will defuse all those standup comedian routines, with their hokey, overdone Haldeman-Ehrlichman dialogue. This is photo realism and it might have been Richard Nixon's salvation. He finally did something that liberals could appreciate: he wrote a play. Might have been. Too bad Senator Goldwater hasn't read Stanislavsky.

Downstairs, Ramsey Clark sipped coffee through a panel discussion on "Watergate Impact." Clark gets his face done by Ed Muskie's beautician. It's called homely or Lincolnesque, depending on your politics. Clark's Lincolnesque mole is a little misplaced, at least it was on Wednesday night, rather too

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high on the cheek. His joints, though, are sheer Davy Crockett: the boniest wrists and ankles in New York politics. Clark said nothing much. Watergate Impact meant impact on "Creative People." Other panels discussed "Censorship" and "Censorship in the Arts." You have to understand liberal creative people. They need scaring. Persecution, real or imagined, is essential to their art: it releases adrenalin. Also, unpersecuted people are neither important nor members of an ethnic minority recognized by the Small Business Administration. Liberals carry their oppressors in their heart of hearts, as once monks, to remember mortality, slept in their coffins.

And that's half of the Watergate impact. Another revelation, another indictment: for years now, morning edition and afternoon edition, the liberals have had good news. It's addictive. Some day, impeachment or not, they'll have to go cold turkey. You can imagine the withdrawal symptoms: Harriet Van Horne and Pete Hamill will flop in the gutters, sweaty, bowels racked. There's no Methadone cure for Watergate. Success, especially unearned success, takes the competitive edge off. In the long run, some way into our third hundred years, Watergate may be celebrated as a benefit to the nation. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

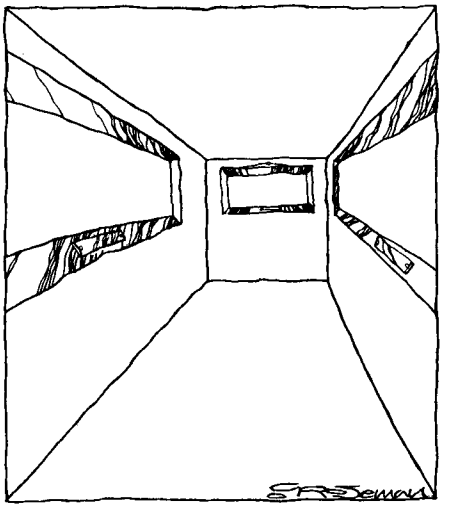
A Different American Scene

New York's Whitney Museum has brought its 1974 season to a close with a surprise hit: a full-length retrospective of the work of Jacob Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence, 56 years old and black, is by no means a newcomer to the art scene; ever since his first one-man show in 1938, which presented a series of pictures telling the story of Toussaint L'Ouverture, liberator of Haiti from France, he has had a highly successful career. Yet because he has resolutely followed his own star and refused to cater to the whims of fashion, either artistic or political, he has not until now received the serious attention his achievement merits.

Lawrence's early manhood coincided with the Depression, when the so-called "American Scene" painters were adorning post offices and courthouses with murals of muscular unemployed workers and starving sharecroppers paid for by the WPA. Customarily, art critics have associated him with this group because he, like so many, was on the WPA payroll for a time and because, as a black, his subject matter was derived largely from the black experience in America. But as this exhibition makes clear, Lawrence was not really close to the American Scene artists.

For one thing, most of them were propagandists first, artists second; they adhered to the Marxist dogma that the purpose of art is to teach revolution to the masses. Lawrence's awareness of his race's suffering was acute, but he never seems to have adopted the fashionable revolutionary stance, just as he consciously rejected the facile realism then being hailed as "typically American." What he did have in common with the American Scene artists was an interest in visual narrative—and this is what, in the years since the end of the war, has discredited his achievement along with theirs. Narrative art cannot be understood in a single glance; it requires the spectator's prolonged attention, and this has seemed too demanding to viewers conditioned to the instant POW of Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism, Pop, and today's New Realism. Perhaps the excitement evoked by this Lawrence retrospective presages a renewed interest in this long-neglected branch of painting.

Much of Lawrence's best work, dating from the late 1930s and early '40s, celebrates the then little-known but now near-mythical heroes of black history, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, John Brown, to each of whom he devoted a cycle of 15 or more pictures meant to be seen together. A short written commentary accompanies each painting, which does not, however, amplify the text but rather reduces it to a kind of hieroglyph. Forms are pared down to become near-abstract symbols; perspectives are omitted entirely or expressionistically distorted; colors—generally tempera or gouache—are bold, unmodulated. This concentration of means produces taut images which often possess a monumentality at variance with their small size. There is a haunting, primitive intensity to the portrait of Dessalines



(from the *Toussaint* series), and the figure of a mourning woman at a table, from the 1941 *Migrations* cycle, is an archetypal expression of sorrow.

Lawrence's prewar work is consciously primitivistic; indeed, it sometimes evokes memories of Haitian artists like Philomé Obin, a true primitive whose style, at once childlike and monumental, developed in near-complete cultural isolation. It seems unlikely that Lawrence was acquainted with Haitian art then, though its beginnings, curiously enough, coincided with his own. His primitivism (which finds an echo in the early work of another black artist, Romare Beardon) seems rather to have resulted from a study of the Mexican muralists Rivera and Orozco, then at the height of their fame, plus an informed awareness of old masters like Giotto, Masaccio, Breughel.

During the war, Lawrence enlisted in the Coast Guard, where he was lucky enough to have commanding officers who enabled him to go on painting. This experience expanded his horizons, so that in the postwar years he no longer limited himself exclusively to black themes. The mental patients in *Sedation* (painted in 1949, when the artist was for a short time confined to a state hospital) are white, as are the two bums on a park bench in *Comedy and Tragedy*. Resolutely rejecting the succession of postwar "isms" which were making millionaires out of many of his fellow WPA alumni, Lawrence has for some years held himself aloof from the fashionable mainstream.

Some blacks have even gone so far as to accuse him of "Uncle Tomism" for his persistent espousal of integration in pictures like the *Builders* series of

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1969, where blacks and whites are shown working together. Admittedly, these later works lack the earlier pictorial intensity; their compositions are more complex and their frequent use of recondite, sometimes Surrealist, symbols occasionally obscures their meaning. Overall, however, Lawrence's achievement, a fruitful fusion of black and white traditions and ways of seeing, is a noteworthy contribution to the varied story of American art. (The exhibition will travel to St. Louis, Birmingham, Seattle, Kansas City, and New Orleans. There is an excellent catalogue by Professor Milton W. Brown of the City University of New York for four dollars.) □

RECORDINGS

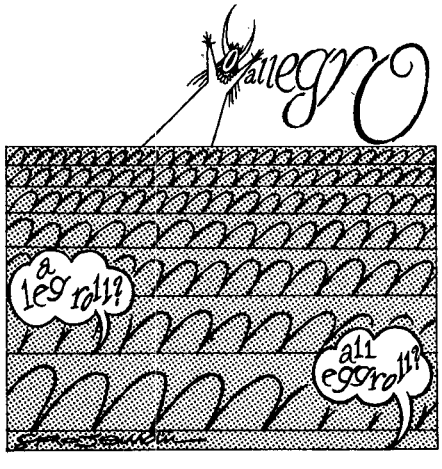
ROGER EVANS

Wagner De-Teutonized

The question of opera in English was quite a live issue in this country for a period ending about 20 years ago, and lots of energetic experimentation went on—not only in provincial opera houses, but even at our vaunted Metropolitan Opera. (I refer, of course, to operas *translated* into English from Italian, French, German, Burmese, or whatever.) And who can hear the Met's English version of Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* (recorded in 1952 and now, happily, reissued by Odyssey, Y 3 32670) and dismiss the whole project as so much American philistinism? Yes, the translation could be better, and is sometimes downright laughable; but this *is* a comic opera, after all, and without the intended laughter it is only half itself.

If you are one of those people who say, "I don't know Italian, but Mozart's music is so sublime that the libretto is relatively unimportant," then you are quite simply kidding yourself. That sublime music—and this *is* my favorite opera—naturally loses its whole point unless you understand the libretto the music is meant to elucidate. I don't mean synopsis and a general idea of what the libretto is about; I mean an awareness of every sentence, and of its magnification in this miraculous music. To say that both libretto and singing lose something of their effect in translation is to ignore the more relevant loss that attends many an evening at the opera, when what was intended to be superb musical drama becomes, to the person unfamiliar with the libretto, merely a pleasant concert at best, or a sore trial at worst. And I do recommend this two-decade-old recording of *Così Fan Tutte* as an introductory experience. Needless to say, the really serious opera lover will always be driven to some sort of familiarity with the original language; but I, for one, must protest that my memorable childhood acquaintance with this recording has not prevented my moving on to an intense love-hate affair with the Italian language.

I said this controversy *was* a live issue in this country. At some point the antitranslation forces won their admittedly valid point, and the Met and other companies banished all Englished versions of standard works from the repertory. (Though *Così* might not even have *been* in the repertory but for its initial success in translation.) But the issue has been raised again with renewed vigor by the sensational British production of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* at the Sadler's Wells Opera (now renamed the English National Opera). And the effects of that venture appear to be more considerable than anyone expected. This, be it emphasized, was not just some country vicar's translation of Wagner's murky libretto, but a highly literate, profoundly informed, downright "Wagnerian" *Übersetzung* by Andrew Porter, that rare exemplar of music criticism. Many a London opera type who knows and appreciates the German original has been surprised by the satisfaction of hearing these glorious performances in his mother tongue. Now, if you think Mozart fans drag their feet at the translation of Mozart, you have clearly been spared the *Walküre Furie* that usually attends any trifling with Wagner. But the English Wagnerites seem to have reached (what passes in their precincts for) a consensus that this was not tampering, but "translation" in the literal sense of that often loosely applied word.



ONE MUST of course remember that these are Englishmen, not Germans. Any German worth a groschen will protest the defilement of the *Ring* cycle, that zenith of Teutonic culture, by the English language. While sympathizing with their understandable pride and possessiveness, I must confess a genuine glee at getting back at them for the translations into German of the texts of my favorite Anglo-Italian composer, Mr. G. F. Handel (not "Händel," if you please).

When it became clear to the London musical powers that this *Ring* was a major artistic event, efforts were made to arrange for its commercial recording. Unfortunately the necessary grant was elicited only in time for a recording of *Siegfried* (HMV: SLS 875)—selections from Act III of the company's *Twilight of the Gods* (Unicorn: UNS 245/6) having previously been a bestseller. The full series will have to await the next English National performance of the full cycle, but this salutary beginning has caused much rejoicing, especially, perhaps, outside the usual Wagnerian courts.

Mr. Porter's translation is so good that it almost transcends the usual arguments for and against translation: it is a work of art in itself, fully worthy of being sung to the music it serves—or is served by (we'll avoid *that* controversy, by your leave). The superior singing, the luscious orchestral sound, the eloquent conducting make these performances worthy to compete with the ever increasing number of *Rings* now available on record. The diction is almost always clear enough to project the words right through the massive orchestral sound, and only the thoroughly committed Wagner foe will fail to admire these invaluable discs. This may be the Wagnerian set for non-Wagnerites. □

Roger Evans *is a freelance writer on music with an MA from Yale University.*

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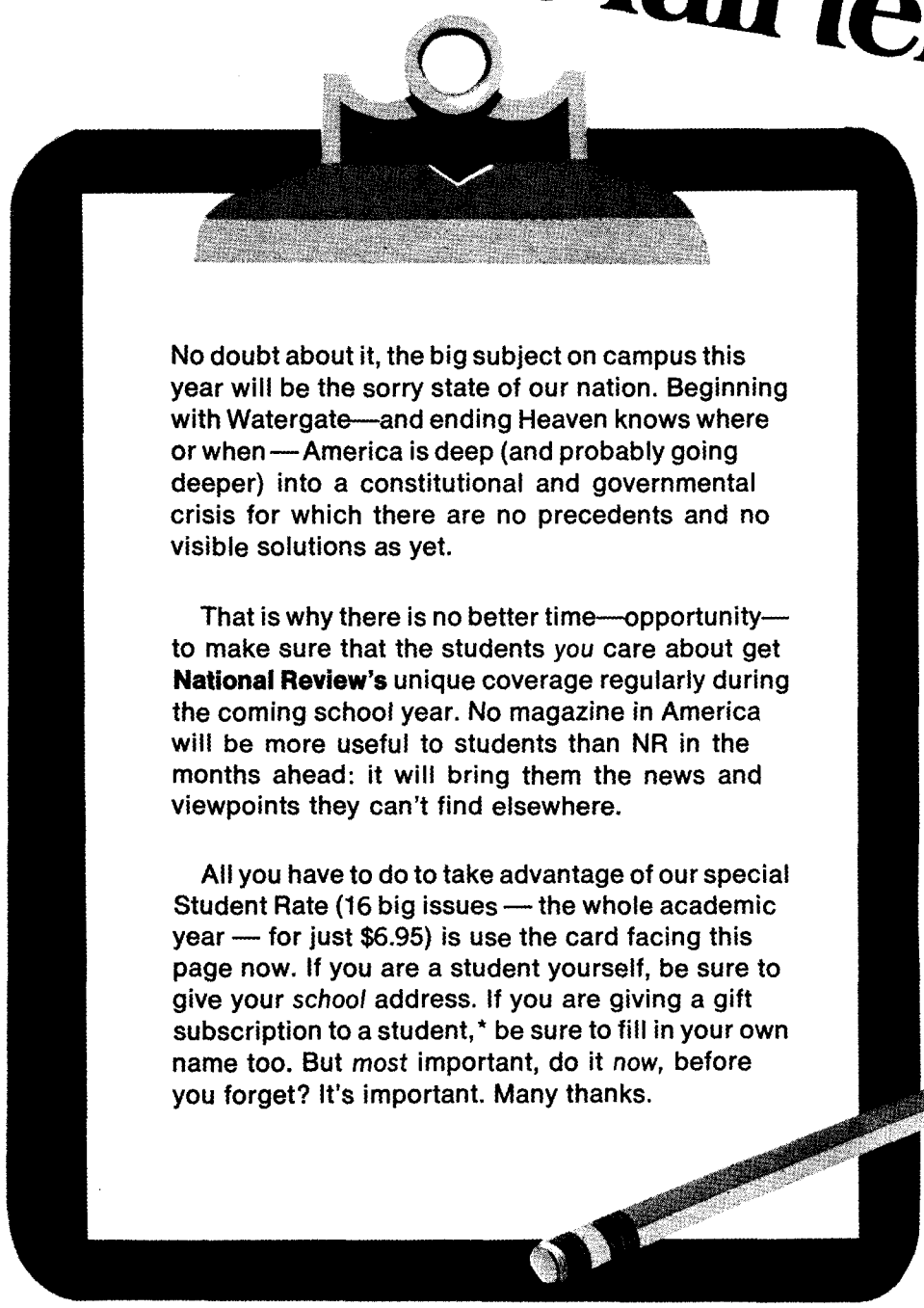
SIGN UP right here and now for the fall term!



No doubt about it, the big subject on campus this year will be the sorry state of our nation. Beginning with Watergate—and ending Heaven knows where or when—America is deep (and probably going deeper) into a constitutional and governmental crisis for which there are no precedents and no visible solutions as yet.

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BOOKS

The Political History of Schools

The Great School Wars
By Diane Ravitch
Basic Books, 480 pp., $12.95

JACK CHATFIELD

A few years ago, I got into a heated argument with an old Vermonter, a retired storekeeper, about the course of the war in Vietnam. We argued about infiltration, "free fire zones," and the bombing of North Vietnamese cities. He was convinced that the war could be won by a proper display of non-nuclear muscle, and I was just as convinced that it could not. After several minutes of debate the old man fell silent. Then he shook his head and said, "Well, there's only one answer, really. We just got to educate 'em."

There is a good deal of America contained in that remark, and it recalls the comment of historian Rush Welter that to understand America one must understand the way her people have thought about education. Since the days of the Puritans Americans have relied upon the school to help build the foundations of a stable and virtuous social order. To the Founding Fathers, education and property ownership were the twin pillars of the Republic. Together they made American democracy more than just a reckless experiment, a Rousseauistic fantasy. Succeeding generations of political activists and educational reformers spoke with a multitude of voices, sometimes discordant, but they were united in assigning the school a leading role—some said *the* leading role—in the preservation of the nation.

The word "preservation" is chosen with care. Until recently, educational historians suffered from the delusion that the American common school was, quite simply, a product of liberal "ferment," and that the common school movement was a movement of liberal reform. They misunderstood the degree to which the "reformers" were conservatives who believed that America might be destroyed by evils such as unchecked immigration and the growth of cities and factories. As Michael Katz has shown in his revisionist study of Massachusetts schools, the antebellum reformers were gentlemen of the upper class who wanted the benefits of industrialization without its Dickensian evils. They feared the "sensuality" of cities and the breakdown of family discipline. They spoke for Protestant, village America.

In the late nineteenth century, when the belief in some form of universal, compulsory education had become part of the American democratic creed, and when proponents of federal aid to education like New Hampshire's Senator Blair were claiming that a Southern common school system would have averted the Civil War, it is not surprising that Americans of virtually every political persuasion called on the schools to help guide the nation through the crisis wrought by a new and unprecedentedly large wave of immigration and the furious growth of industries and cities. As the "new immigrants" from southern and eastern Europe—the "huddled masses" of which Emma Lazarus speaks—flooded the cities, the country entered an era of triumphant educational and political reform. Yet not every reformer was Jane Addams or John Dewey. An aide to the mayor of New York put the case for reform in the following terms in 1896:

> [It was not desirable in a city] largely impregnated with foreign influences, languages, and ideas that the school should be controlled locally; for in many locations the influences that would control would be unquestionably un-American. In some districts there are vast throngs of foreigners where one scarcely hears a word of English spoken; where the mode of living is repugnant to every American idea. The best interests of the city demand that children of such a population be brought under American influences and instruction.

That quote, taken from *The Great School Wars*, is an index of how color-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SEPTEMBER BOOKS. Still writing after some 60 books, Fulton J. Sheen undertakes to explain *Those Mysterious Priests* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Random House found 14 O'Hara stories not previously in book form. Now they are, in *The Good Samaritan and Other Stories* ($7.95). . . . Margaret Canovan assesses *The Political Thought of Hannah Arendt* for Harcourt ($6.50). . . . *Highly Irregular* is how Mencken biographer Carl Bode labels his own newspaper columns (Southern Illinois, $6.95). . . . Veteran Catholic author/publisher/lecturer Frank Sheed dubs his reminiscences *The Church and I* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . James Michener's *Centennial* is a novel about America, 1876 (Random, $10). . . . Chris Chase's *How to Be a Movie Star* is not a dirty book, in case you were wondering (Harper, $5.95). Nor is Norman Cousins' *The Celebration of Life* meant to be a joke book (Harper, $4.95).

■ SPORTS BOOKS. Yet another history of the Mets is *You Gotta Believe*, this one by Rex Lardner (Praeger, out, $6.95). . . . *The Associated Press Sports Almanac 1974* is a reference book covering most sports (Dell, out, $2.25). . . . *Clemente!* is by Kal Wagenheim (Pocket, out, $1.45). . . . Remember the barnstorming baseball teams of yesteryear? The Indianapolis Clowns survive, but in decline, say Bill Heward and Dimitri V. Gat in *Some Are Called Clowns* (T.Y. Crowell, out, $6.95).

■ SEPTEMBER PAPERBACKS. A welcome issue from Compass: Adam Ulam's monumental *Stalin* ($3.95). . . . Popular Library gambles that the drugstore trade will reach for Arthur Rubinstein's *My Young Years* ($1.75). . . . Two classics reissued by Image: G. K. Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man* ($1.95) and George Bernanos' *The Diary of a Country Priest* ($1.75). . . . *NR* contributor Geoffrey Wagner renders *Selected Poems of Charles Baudelaire* (Grove, $1.95). . . . Random's Vintage imprint now has Daniel Boorstin's *The Americans* ($3.95) and Zhores Medvedev's *Ten Years after Ivan Denisovich* ($1.95).

■ FILMS. Laughs in the offing as Blake Edwards guides Peter Sellers, Christopher Plummer, and Herbert Lom through *Return of the Pink Panther*. . . . John Wayne's new one, *Brannigan*, is filming in Britain and also features Mel Ferrer and Richard Attenborough. . . . Universal goes back to the well with *Airport '75*. A myriad of stars includes Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Myrna Loy, Charlton Heston, Dana Andrews, Sid Caesar, Martha Scott, even Gloria Swanson. . . . Fellini is doing *Casanova*. . . . *Quilp*, based on Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is the *Reader's Digest* kleig venture. Spotlighted: Anthony Newley.

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ful, rich, and vital the history of American education really is. The history of the school cuts a broad avenue through the American past, touching virtually every aspect of our intellectual, political, and social life. Yet much of the school's history is poorly written or not written at all. When Diane Ravitch, a Fellow at Teachers College, Columbia University, began to do research on New York City schools, she found two uninspired secondary works (both commissioned by the Board of Education) and a mountain of unsifted primary material. She set to work. After five years she has produced one of the most absorbing, penetrating, and important works of American history to appear in recent years. The *Great School Wars*, for scope, richness of detail, and intellectual coherence, is an unusual book. This, together with its timeliness (shall I say relevance?), will, I hope, assure that it will not become a forgotten item on the dark, re-catalogued shelves of university libraries.

In 1968, Mrs. Ravitch set out to write an article on the New York City teachers' strike. The battle for community control was raging in Brooklyn's Ocean Hill-Brownsville district, and the United Federation of Teachers, originally one of the cautious backers of decentralization, had now been cast in the role of its staunchest enemy. Working in the city's libraries, Mrs. Ravitch discovered that the history of New York public schools presented some illuminating and fascinating parallels to the current crisis.

WHAT EMERGES in *The Great School Wars* is a dialectic so neat as to be a Hegelian's dream. The city public schools were created and centrally administered by a small group of wealthy and prominent philanthropists who called themselves the Free—later the Public—School Society. In the 1830s, the fiery spokesman for the city's growing Irish Catholic population, Bishop John Hughes, charged that the Society's schools were fit only for Protestant children, and that the alleged "nonsectarianism" of the schools was in fact "the sectarianism of infidelity." The Catholic population, said Hughes, was too poor to support a parochial school system. Therefore it demanded a share of the public money and the power to run its own schools. In 1841, after an involved political struggle, the New York legislature reorganized the city's schools along ward lines. Religious teaching was forbidden in the schools, as it had been all along. But the reign of the Public School Society was ended. Bishop Hughes had won the first great fight for community control.

FOR SEVERAL decades the public schools were administered by ward trustees. Then, in the 1890s a new breed of reformer led by Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University declared war on what Butler called the "barbarism" and "corruption" of the ward system. In fact, as Mrs. Ravitch shows, many if not most of the ward trustees were distinguished citizens. Nearly 40 per cent were Republicans and more than half were merchants. Other trustees were lawyers, judges, and doctors. But Butler stigmatized the trustees as the creatures of Tammany and said they represented the forces of educational darkness. "In this school fight it is civilization against barbarism," he said in a letter to his supporters, "and your influence will be most potent."

By ending local control Butler hoped to drive politics and inefficiency out of the schools. He spoke in the name of "progressivism," "professionalism," "enlightenment," and "scientific management." Butler's faith in the professional administrator, as Mrs. Ravitch shows, was boundless. He glowingly described the powers possessed by the Cleveland superintendent of schools. "The Cleveland law makes Mr. Jones an autocrat. He appoints, removes, transfers, and promotes all principals and teachers at his own will and with no appeal to any other authority." After another of the great pendular

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Jack Chatfield teaches English at the Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut. . . . **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** is associate editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*. . . . **Richard J. Whalen** is the author of *Catch the Falling Flag*. . . . **Brenton H. Smith** teaches history at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. . . . **Ronald De Feo** *recently appeared in* The Hudson Review *and* Commonweal.

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swings of history, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board, invoking the name of "the people" rather than an educated elite, would claim such powers for itself.

On the eve of the First World War the professional reformers and administrators suffered a humiliating defeat in the third of the "great school wars." The story is too tangled and too rich to tell here. Suffice it to say that public protests prevented the much touted Gary Plan—invented by a former student of John Dewey at the University of Chicago—from being imposed on the city's schools. Parents and children evidently believed that the Gary Plan—which cut classroom time and increased, for all students, the amount of time spent in industrial or domestic activities—was a trade school in disguise. Denouncing the plan as "Rockefeller inspired" because some of its most influential backers were educators employed by the Rockefeller Foundation, the foes of the Gary Plan sent the reformers scurrying for cover. This was the first rising, however mild, of the people against the bureaucrats.

THE NEXT rising occurred in the late 1960s, just after Negroes and Puerto Ricans, New York's newest immigrants, had become a majority of the city's public school population. Once the schools had become predominantly black and Puerto Rican, and once it became clear that some day they would be overwhelmingly so, the always confused demand for integration of the city schools came to an abrupt end. It was clear that "racial balance" could not be achieved in New York City. In an age of revived black nationalism, it was easy to say that integration had been a poisonous idea all along.

There were, of course, obvious and not-so-obvious precedents. The cry of the militants that the schools were practicing "educational genocide" on black and Puerto Rican students was in line with the rhetorical extremism of the Sixties. Yet Bishop Hughes had in essence charged cultural genocide when he accused the Public School Society of fostering "infidelity" in the classroom. And Nicholas Murray Butler was certainly inflamed when he said he spoke for "civilization" against the "barbarism" of the ward trustees. Yet, seen in historical perspective, the community control crisis was unique in one respect: its politics. Rhody McCoy and his allies on the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board fought like Gordon at Khartoum—as though they believed that only in martyrdom could the cause be served. Unlike Bishop Hughes, who was as politically shrewd as he was religiously devout, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville militants seemed to believe that intelligent political maneuvering was morally contaminating. As Mrs. Ravitch shows, the board pursued an all-or-nothing strategy which ended when the legislature passed a modified decentralization bill which included a provision to abolish the "experimental" districts of which Ocean Hill-Brownsville was one. For several months, Rhody McCoy was the star in a media-saturated drama of confrontation politics. Under his direction the board hired a principal who had been suspended by the Board of Education when indicted for conspiracy to murder (he was later convicted). It excluded the teacher representatives from its deliberations from the very beginning, and finally fired unionized teachers without due process. It demanded that the Board of Education ignore state law. And it threatened riots if its demands were not met. It acted as though it were at Armageddon rather than in Brooklyn waging the latest in a series of wars for educational change. All through this struggle the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board had powerful allies in the press, the city council, and the foundations. Yet in the end the struggle—at least as they defined it—was lost. If moderate decentralization was accomplished, it was in spite of the board rather than because of it. As Mrs. Ravitch illustrates, never in the history of New York schools has a war been so ineptly fought.

It looks as if the dialectical drift which brought the absolutists of Ocean Hill-Brownsville temporarily into the limelight is reversing itself in a manner which readers of Mrs. Ravitch's book will find familiar and totally expected. The former administrator of the I.S. 201 district in East Harlem (which had pioneered community control) has aired complaints about the local board that may shock friends—and even enemies—of local control. The board members, he said, are "rebels without a long term strategic approach led by individuals frequently unencumbered by a sense of history, limited by a grim anti-intellectualism, hobbled by a lack of capacity to trust anyone—even themselves—and driven to extremism by underdeveloped egos paired with overdeveloped vocal chords." Were more contemptuous, inflated, self-righteous words ever spoken by Nicholas Murray Butler denouncing the barbarians? □

Dimensions of a New Identity
By Erik H. Erikson
Norton, 125 pp., $5.95

CRUMBY GAPSMANSHIP

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

One opens Dr. Erikson's "psychohistorical" lecture on Thomas Jefferson with mixed emotions. After a surfeit of flimflams in the name of psychohistory one is skeptical and weary; but skepticism and weariness are tempered with the hope that one might find its tools plied here with the skill and taste of the master.

Alas. Dr. Erikson deploys the techniques of his school with a magisterial air, and more modestly on the whole than some of his disciples. But the result is pretty much the same—punditry masquerading as historical analysis.

As the bases of psychoanalytic speculation about Mr. Jefferson's "enigmatic and conflicted personality," Dr. Erikson selects two works. One is Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*, which the 37-year-old Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, wrote in response to the queries of a French diplomat, François Marbois. The other is one of the so-called Jefferson Bibles, a compilation of the life of Jesus made while Jefferson was President "for the use of the Indians."

According to Dr. Erikson, the *Notes on Virginia* offer "a model of psychohistorical writing in that they not only account for the state of his state, but also for his own state as an observer."

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(In that sense, of course, we are all writing psychohistory every time we lift the pen, like Molière's character who was speaking prose and didn't even know it.) The usefulness of a privately compiled New Testament to the psychohistorian presumably needs no explanation.

EVEN a full scale study of the *Notes on Virginia*, with its wealth of data on boundaries, rivers, wildlife, waterfalls, minerals, climate, laws, colleges, roads, religious practices, manners, and currency (among much else) would be a slight foundation for a profile of Jefferson: the reconstruction of a mastodon, as it were, from a mere toenail. Since Dr. Erikson narrows the search, even within these restricted confines, to a few passages peculiarly convenient to his methodology, the result is little more than a snapshot taken at a fleeting moment.

It is the paradox of psychobiography that it resolutely ignores the feasts of available information to pounce, with the trumpets at full blast, on a mere crumb. Indeed, the absence of a crumb: omissions are of the most vital importance, Dr. Erikson asserts, and in compiling his life of Jesus, for instance, Jefferson omitted "all references to Jesus' healing mission." Here is where the historian parts company with the dealer in mere speculation, for he knows that unless we know why something was left out any inferences or guesses are fanciful and may be entirely false.

Not only does the psychohistorian unhesitatingly make capital of gaps, he is careless with mere facts. Dr. Erikson, for instance, has Jefferson "threatened with impeachment for having bungled some emergency measures" at the time when he wrote the *Notes*. But there was no such threat. Again, Dr. Erikson suggests that Jefferson's training as a surveyor is a "significant element in his identity, which was to assume national significance later in the Louisiana Purchase." But since the Louisiana Purchase was a freakish offshoot of Napoleonic politics, it is difficult to grasp just what Dr. Erikson means by this. Like so many clues to which the psychohistorian's eye eagerly darts, it means either too much or too little.

Also irritating, to the skeptic, is the practice which for want of clinical terms one might call the "aha" technique: the attribution of cryptic but unexplained meaning to a commonplace event. Noting Jefferson's famous fall during his courtship of Maria Cosway, Dr. Erikson writes: "One could . . . make much of this event. . . . A few weeks of unparalleled emotional freedom ended in a fall and a permanent injury." In other words, aha; one could make much; but this inflated promise is not redeemed.

Dr. Erikson's justification for all this speculative effort is that history "has always indulged in a covert and circuitous traffic with psychology which can now be direct, overt, and aware." Fair enough. But what the psychohistorian attributes to covertness and circuity may be only the trained historian's prudence about the pitfalls of speculation, not to mention his feeling that traditional modes of language yield quite as much useful insight as the obtrusive apparatus of Freudianism.

I MUST apologize, finally, for dwelling at such length on the details of a lecture that professes larger, more cosmic themes. The reason is that once Jefferson sinks from sight on the horizon, we are in very deep and murky seas and it is all but impossible to grasp what Dr. Erikson is saying. For all his learning and wisdom, Dr. Erikson, the truth is, does not write English very clearly. And lest his further explorations of the psyches of Founding Fathers be wasted, perfume on uncomprehending desert air, I would prescribe a few hours with Strunk and White. □

The Imperial Republic: The United States and the World 1945-73
By Raymond Aron
Prentice-Hall, 339 pp., $10

THE WORLD THAT WAS

RICHARD J. WHALEN

Raymond Aron is the lucid and versatile Gallic explainer whose essays in *Le Figaro* range with seemingly effortless ease from MIRV to the multinational corporation. His books on international politics (*The Century of Total War, The Opium of the Intellectuals, Peace and War*) have traveled well to a generation of readers on this side of the Atlantic.

The Imperial Republic, in spite of its excellence, may well be the last in this succession. For Aron here offers the definitive explanation of the world that was, the world stabilized by American military and economic primacy for a generation after 1945. He describes and analyzes that world from a vantage point at the center of the interlocking system of military security, trade, and monetary cooperation, a system which has essentially vanished during the past few years. As the center collapses under the weight of competing nationalisms, the far ranging transatlantic explainer is an anachronism.

Writing from the "realist" perspective which he shares with such Americans as Hans Morgenthau and Stanley Hoffmann, Aron sympathetically traces the American "imperial" response to necessity and challenge after the Second World War. He refutes in detail the revisionist "para-Marxists" who assert that the U.S. bullied poor Stalin into the cold war and subsequently designed its foreign policy to maximize the profits of ITT and similar expansionist instruments of American capitalism.

The first part of Aron's work deals with the origins and consequences of

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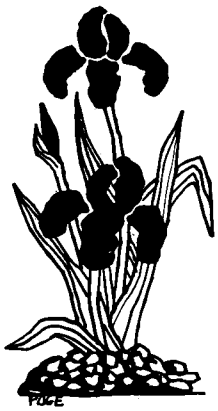
American political "globalism," which arose in the aftermath of Korea. This is familiar ground, although Aron's scholarship and shrewd insights provide rewarding illumination. The second part is more original, at least for American readers. It deals with the dollar-centered international economy, about which we have shown appropriate concern only as it has disappeared.

Because Americans remain, for the most part, ignorant of the international implications of Nixon's August 1971 New Economic Policy, it is useful to have Aron's comprehensive explanation. In essence, the U.S. transformed overnight the basis of its relations with Europe and Japan, shifting from primarily political to economic considerations, and from an internationalist to a nationalist attitude. Aron is sympathetic, and his advice to the United States' allies and competitors is to accept the American change of heart (and circumstance) and come to terms with it.



UNFORTUNATELY Aron completed the French manuscript of this book in late 1972, when the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy seemed validated by an enormous electoral triumph. A preface to the American edition attempts inadequately to deal with the effects of Watergate and the drive to impeach Nixon. It also discloses Aron's inability, now that the internationalist center has cracked, to understand the domestic sources of American foreign policy. In a burst of candor, he asserts that "it is on Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger that a European pins his hopes for a foreign policy governed by reason"—that is, a policy kept safely away from the elected representatives of the American nation.

Such hopes are forlorn, *not* because Congress has so strong a claim to make foreign policy, but because the past two Presidents have so abused the traditional prerogatives of their office. Lyndon Johnson fought a war without definable purpose, and Richard Nixon is pursuing a "generation of peace" without honorable content. Both lied to their followers, and both sacrificed popular trust and their ability to lead. In the United States, as Aron does not seem to grasp, a distrusted and discredited President cannot really rise above his troubles and forge an independent foreign policy.

What is lacking in Aron's otherwise astute analysis is a sense of the personality of Nixon, whom a closer observer has called the first "adventurer" ever to seize the Presidency. Kissinger, the egoist and self-styled lonesome cowboy riding out to deal secretly with the bad guys, is the ideal collaborator in a diplomacy of improvisation and sheer gambling. Any explanation that fails to shed light on the character of the opportunists responsible for reversing the course of American foreign policy since 1969 is grossly deficient. It may mislead, as Aron's does, by applying a gloss of rationality and consistency to policies that are actually made up as President and super-emissary go along from summit to summit, scribbling terms for nuclear arms limitation almost literally on the backs of envelopes.

Over the past three decades, Aron has brilliantly described a world and a system of power that are ceasing to exist. America has dropped out. Truly to understand why, and what it implies, will require an explanation from the heart of America by someone closer to it. □

Decline or Renewal? France since the 1930s
By Stanley Hoffmann
Viking, 529 pp., $15

FOR FRANCOPHILES

BRENTON H. SMITH

Stanley Hoffmann writes about France. Before he writes he thinks. His name automatically appears near the top of any list of works about twentieth century France. Some of his interpretations may stir objections, especially on the part of political traditionalists, but his total outlook will please almost any Francophile who is sorry that France does not have a great role to play on the world stage today and who hopes that she may have such a role tomorrow.

Hoffmann's latest work is actually a collection of essays previously published in a variety of scholarly journals. As such it has a number of predictable faults. Unity of subject matter is sometimes a little uncertain, sometimes a little forced. Now and then the style leans to the ponderous and pretentious jargon that is a hallmark of contemporary political science. There are errors of grammar and usage that an experienced editor should have caught; now and then, trite expressions and regrettably fashionable phrases mar the overall effect. Who would have thought that such a writer would have revived the pleasantly deceased metaphor "chewing up the artichoke leaf by leaf," thereafter belaboring it almost unmercifully? Also Hoffmann has the political bias that remains irresistible in Academe. It is a bias that comes out most clearly in his otherwise inexplicable fondness for that dismal, sometimes ludicrous, failure of the Fourth Republic, Pierre Mendès France. Even so, anyone interested in contemporary France should at least give Hoffmann's book a good try. He writes with a vast knowledge of France. He writes with a vast affection for France. Without condescension he can even manage to deal fairly with groups and personalities to which he is basically unsympathetic.

As far back as his teenage years Hoffmann acquired an enthusiasm for Charles de Gaulle that remains unabated. At a few important points it remains a little uncritical as well. He believes, for example, that from his advent to power in 1958 de Gaulle understood the necessity of abandoning Algeria and set up his plans accordingly. Skeptics, however, may well continue to suppose that it took de Gaulle a year or two to understand that the Algerian Moslem rebels had what the British and Americans so frequently did not have in their dealings with him, namely a resolution equal to his own. Only then did he begin to take the apparently correct and sensible course.

In the essays that appeared before the famous student-worker revolt of May 1968, it is evident that Hoffmann

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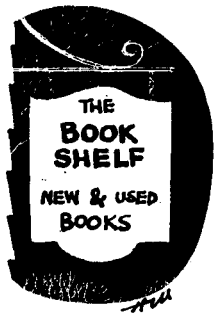
in no way anticipated the event. Writing about it afterward he is not altogether convincing. He stresses the rigidity, oppressiveness, and unresponsiveness of French institutions about which would-be reformers have complained almost ritualistically for decades. But he seems reluctant to admit that the students, as self-serving as any other element in the population, were struggling for free education for almost anyone—worthy and unworthy alike—and for state-guaranteed jobs thereafter. In fact, the real job market for teachers at the time did not justify the ever more swollen numbers of students enrolled in the field of the humanities. Like many other observers of the French scene Hoffmann does not want to acknowledge the plain truth of the matter: ever since the Enlightenment, France, in purely vocational terms, has had too many intellectuals. Even if the students had been victorious in 1968 they could not have set up a system providing real employment for their group as a whole.



As for the Communists, it is unlikely that they steered clear of the action because they had become—in accordance with the dream of wishful thinkers—a parliamentary party within the existing democratic structure of things. Rather, they were quite calculatingly aware of the advantages of their present position in France, and they were determined not to risk it completely in support of a movement that looked dubious in either practical or dogmatic terms. In Aesop's fables we are told that a dog with a bone in his mouth stood and looked at his enlarged reflection in the water of a stream and decided that it was real. Eager to seize the apparently bigger bone for himself the dog lunged into the water and ended up simply losing the bone that he had. Who knows? Perhaps in May 1968 the French Communists were reading Aesop even more than Marx. □

Book reviews are indexed in Book Review Index.

FICTION

About Harry Towns
By Bruce Jay Friedman
Knopf, 180 pp., $5.95

TOO LITTLE, TOO SOON

RONALD DE FEO

Twelve years have passed since Bruce Jay Friedman published his memorable first novel, *Stern*, and one can only wonder if he will ever produce work of that quality again. The quietly desperate, paranoid Stern, who always seemed just a step away from catastrophe, was a delightful and often touching creation. Friedman delivered his mildly absurd story in a straightforward, subdued, and unadorned manner, as if he were relating a little fable. The humor came easily, naturally. In Friedman's subsequent novels, however, such control and sophistication were noticeably absent. *A Mother's Kisses*, a big popular success, was good for its consistent series of comic setups (yielding jokes about the Jewish mother, adolescent sex, etc.), but for little else. *The Dick*, focusing on a pr man for a homicide bureau, was a rather haphazardly structured book stuffed with labored topical humor.

Friedman's latest novel, *About Harry Towns*, is another disappointment. One can't criticize it for being an unsuccessful novel since it really isn't a novel at all. Rather it is a collection of six disconnected chapters focusing on Harry Towns, a forever restless, mildly depressed screenwriter who resides in New York, occasionally travels to the West Coast, sleeps with numerous girls, maintains a cool, "sexy" apartment, and enjoys cocaine. Though Harry is separated from his family (a wife and son), he feels the need to be a good father, and at an early point in the book he takes his boy (a nameless being) to Las Vegas. The trip is a mistake—Harry finds himself feigning enthusiasm everywhere he goes, hoping that some of his awe will rub off on his unimpressed son. Other episodes, far less lively than this one, concentrate on Harry's girlfriends, his cocaine connections, and his parents. Since the book is such a rambling and aimless affair, Friedman is pressed for a way to conclude it. He settles for a facile and unconvincing device: Harry suffers a strange blood disease, miraculously recovers, and, even more miraculously, changes his outlook on life.

Nowhere in the novel does Friedman display the intensity and concern that were so evident in *Stern*. The facts about Harry's life accumulate, but they fail to enhance our understanding of him. Moreover, some of them are simply implausible—that this drab little man should be a cocaine addict, a lady-killer, and a screenwriter is a bit much to accept. Friedman's chief problem is that he remains too distant from his creation. He certainly tells us enough about Harry Towns, but we don't ever feel that he truly cares about him. The author's lack of involvement can't help but influence us, and eventually we are as bored by Harry as his creator seems to be. Friedman's detachment even affects his style. He writes an efficient prose here, but nothing more. Sentences rarely strike us or excite us. Occasionally, Friedman will come up with a clever and observant line: ". . . the boy kept giving him looks every few minutes and saying, 'You all right, Dad?' as though the impending divorce might suddenly show up in his face as a rash." But for the most part, the wit, like the prose, is tired.

Friedman is a professional, and professionals are not in the habit of waiting for inspiration. But in this case the wait might have proved artistically, if not financially, profitable. *About Harry Towns* is an incomplete and unsatisfying work, more an idea for a novel than the actual finished product. Both the author and the publisher were unwise to release it so prematurely. □

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LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 920)

adequately. Wedded to the idea of an "incomes policy," despite the failure of all previous incomes policies, scared of another head-on clash with the unions, and unwilling, even now, to sacrifice the shibboleths of "growth" and artificially full employment for the sake of stopping the inflation, they have no convincing solution to the problem which they could not solve before.

There has been much talk lately about the possibility of a coalition or national government as the only way out. But what policies would a coalition government pursue? There is no agreement between the party leaders about what needs to be done, nor is there any "middle way" such as nonpolitical people always hope to find. Sooner or later, circumstances may force a coalition of some sort, but the sense of urgency is not powerful enough yet. Neither the politicians nor the mass of the electorate seems to have understood the magnitude of the danger; they are still playing their old games beneath the impending avalanche.

Britain is suffering, simultaneously, from worsening inflation and an incipient recession. The inflation, feeding on itself, could easily become hyperinflation, and the recession could deepen into a slump. Widespread bankruptcies and three or four million unemployed would be the result of either condition. But any measures which might be taken now to check the inflation must, in the short term, deepen the recession, and anything which might check the recession would accelerate the inflation. Behind the smokescreen of party propaganda, Britain's politicians are still trying to evade this dilemma, still seeking easy answers; which means, all too plainly, that they have no answers.

Unlike the politicians, the press, with remarkable unanimity and unusual realism, has been sounding the alarm and explaining the danger. Whether this message will eventually—and before the avalanche descends—sink into the public consciousness and evoke an adequate response, remains to be seen. If it doesn't, Britain could go the way of Chile, or even, as some say, of Russia in 1917. More ominous still, what is happening to Britain may foreshadow what will happen throughout the Western world. □

CASSIDY

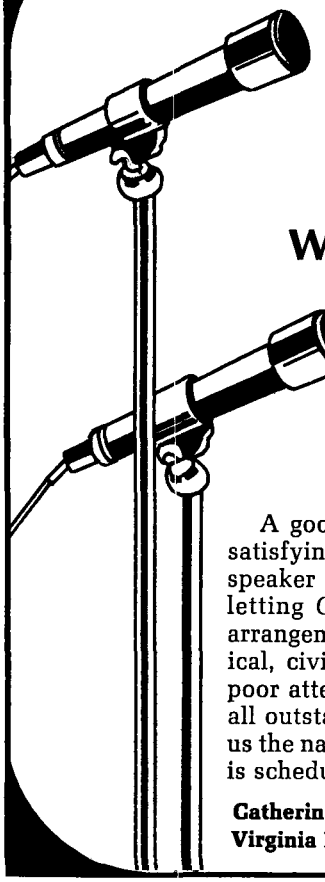
(Continued from page 923)

much hair today. Oh, for the days of the crewcut and the feather bob!

If there is one talent we Americans possess in abundance, it is the ability to take a little bit of a simple good thing and make a lot of a simple bad thing out of it. Take religion, for example. I am religious, but I am certainly not like the Jesus freaks, Daniel Berrigan, Harvey Cox, or Eugene Carson Blake. So saying, I immediately commit the sin Jesus condemned in his parable of the Pharisee in the temple: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like . . . this publican." Well, that is so, and my only defense in this case is that my particular publicans, the Jesus freaks et al., are not standing quietly in the temple beating their breasts and saying, "have mercy on me, a sinner." No, they are running around hollering Lord, Lord, and you know what Jesus said about people who do that. I am just as unworthy a Christian as Berrigan and Blake and the rest, but they work a lot harder to accomplish it than I do.

There are too many Arabs in the world too, but that may be a blessing in disguise for the United States. The Arabs seem to have started us on the way to the Quarter-Century of Considerably Less, and we ought to thank them for that. In fact, if they would promise to maintain an embargo, I'd be willing to repay them by sending them every guitar in the country, even if that meant that we would have to make do with woodthrushes in the summer and the wolf-wind howling at the doorway in the winter. They could also have Hefner, Cronkite, Sevareid, Brinkley, Cosell, the ACLU, and the U.S. Senate, except for Goldwater and Buckley and a few others like them, of whom there are not enough.

May I urge you, the next time you have a few minutes for meditation, to consider this thing of too much? Look about you and see what excesses there are in your world, and see if you don't agree with me that we would be better off with less. Don't get carried away, though. There is also too much soul-searching in the world today, and there is no sense in trying to solve the problem of excesses by cutting down too much. Wouldn't you agree? □



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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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PHIL PEPE:

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When young people, just out of college, begin worrying about job security, when young ballplayers, just up from the minor leagues, begin thinking about pensions, when four-year veterans of the major leagues begin talking of retirement, it is refreshing to observe . . . Brooks Robinson.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 899)

Congratulations! It must have been a great deal of fun. Think of the possibilities of using that with skiing.

Manchester, N.H. WILLIAM LOEB

'Twixt Land and Sea

I thoroughly enjoyed the article by Ronald Berman ["The Climate of Mediocrity," July 19]. At present, I am a graduate student, but for three years I sailed on oil tankers and sea-going tugboats. I read some Melville, Conrad, and Jack London, trying to find insights into the nature of sailing and into the minds of the people I sailed with. I found Mr. Berman's description of the men that he met to be very accurate: seamen are "cranky and self-destructive." Often, in my own mind, I tried to characterize my shipmates, but I just could not put my finger on it. Mr. Berman did it in one paragraph.

I found the fact that Mr. Berman gave this as a commencement talk to be very interesting. He seemed to be of the opinion that it is good to experience other facets of life besides the academic and the white collar world. I find that those students who have done nothing but go to school, or those who have had only white collar jobs, are somewhat narrow in their opinions and their perceptions of events. Perhaps they should read Mr. Berman's article.

New Orleans, La. CHRISTOPHER J. CHLON

None of the Above

Regarding your endorsement of the idea that citizens be offered the opportunity to vote for "None of the Above" ["The Week," July 19]: I was surprised that you neglected to mention the proposal, attributed to libertarian theoretician Nestle J. Frobish of Kirby, Vermont, that if, in an election employing such a ballot, "NOTA" gained a plurality, the election should be rerun with all of those who had lost on the first ballot barred from the second. Aside from the proposal's obvious virtues in the area of campaign deportment, it ought to reduce our legislatures to more intimate and efficient numbers.

Chicago, Ill. C. DEMUTH

Points

Although the tone of George F. Will's remarks ["Chevrolet Summit," July 19] implied that Nixon's presentation of a mere Chevy to Brezhnev symbolized a cooling of their mutual admiration, *U.S. News* reports that the Soviet Embassy in Washington had surreptitiously notified the State Department that Brezhnev wanted, specifically, a Monte Carlo Landau, painted silver grey. (GM located the appropriate model; the interior was upholstered in red, which might be coincidental, or perhaps someone at GM has a sense of humor.) Leonid apparently did not want to risk getting stuck with a Chrysler—under the Sherman Act, that would have been the logical choice. At any rate, the spectacle of Nixon's State Department taking an order from the Russians must have brought a nostalgic smile to the face of Alger Hiss.

Although GM wrote off the cost of the car, the taxpayers did not fare as well when Nixon gave Anwar Sadat a $2-million helicopter. In the same article, *U.S. News* says that Sadat had simply mentioned that he "admired" the chopper, to which Nixon replied, "Take it, it's yours." The conspicuous prodigality of Mr. Nixon, which heretofore had demonstrated a quality of calculation (e.g., in the negotiation of the stupendous wheat deal), has lately become increasingly impulsive. World leaders might be advised in the future to exercise considerable discretion when complimenting Mrs. Nixon's appearance on state occasions.

West Seneca, N.Y. GERALD S. UBA

George Will ["Capitol Issues," August 2] perpetuates a popular misinterpretation of what Herb Stein, head of the Council of Economic Advisers, actually said about inflation. Stein, according to Mr. Will, "says the American people are to blame because they did not demand higher taxes from an Administration that pledged in 1972 that it would not raise taxes . . ." What Stein actually said was: "In the early days of this inflation, *in 1965 to 1968*, it was considered that the American people would not stand for a tax increase, even though we were increasing government expenditures very much." More recently, Stein clarified his position by blaming *current* problems on the fact that "governments have not followed sufficiently austere policies with respect to government spending, taxing, and monetary expansion. One reason . . . is that such measures are disliked and resisted by the public, and governments respond to such public attitudes." That is a fair summary of what he was saying on *Face the Nation*. And, though it contains elements of apologetics, it also contains a great deal of truth.

Bethesda, Md. RICHARD EVANS

I believe either *NR* [May 10] or Congressman Kemp erred in putting the national debt at $10.1 billion in 1940. I was just checking this the other day and my sloppy calculation came in around $43 billion (I couldn't find the exact figure; and anyway, I'm always cloudy about whether the budgeteers are talking fiscal or calendar years). Moreover, $10.1 billion is arithmetically unconvincing. The debt, as I recall, stood at $19 billion when poor Hoover escaped from office, and FDR's annual deficits averaged $3 billion: a horrendous figure in the years when the Feds were only taking us for about twice that, and the GNP was struggling up around $100 billion. FDR could almost make you forget those last three drunken sailors in the White House.

New Rochelle, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Senators Prepare

On The Right

New York, Aug 4—Notwithstanding that the vote against Mr. Nixon by the Judiciary Committee was formally bipartisan, the cluster of nays was Republican, and everyone who speaks about the forthcoming event in the Senate speaks about "Republican stalwarts" or "Southern Democratic conservatives" as making up the hard core of "Nixon loyalists." It is of course too bad that, despite serious efforts, the question of whether Mr. Nixon should be impeached slits up as a partisan affair. Young liberals (at one of the antipodes) are in favor of conviction. Old conservatives (at the other) are opposed.

And of course it is, in a profound sense, a political question rather than a juridical question. By this I mean that scholars equally learned could disagree endlessly on whether Mr. Nixon should have been impeached, though as the factual evidence mounts against him, the burden increases on the non-impeachment scholars.

But nonscholars and nonlawyers are in a position to say that their view of the country's interests transcends the kind of discussions about what was or was not said on March 21, 1973 in the Oval Office. I could understand, and respect, a senator who took the position that he would not vote to convict the President in the absence of the clear necessity to get him the hell out of the White House because his conduct showed that he had gone off his rocker, that he thought he was Napoleon or FDR or somebody. And I could respect a senator who takes the strictest view of the conduct of the White House and concludes that this is a historical opportunity to reorient the Presidency toward the high road. Such a senator upon being asked whether other Presidents might not have been impeached if subjected to such rigorous standards might reply: "Yes and probably many of them should have been. If we had impeached Andrew Jackson and maybe one or two since then, the problem of executive arrogance we suffer from now would not afflict us."

How proper is it for a senator to be influenced, in choosing among the alternative courses of action, by his own constituency? That is a truly vexing problem, because there is that enduring historical ambiguity in the role of the representative in a republic. The House managers of the impeachment proceedings don't have the burden of persuading the people of Nebraska that Nixon has committed an impeachable offense. They have the burden of persuading Senator Curtis and Senator Hruska that Nixon has committed an impeachable offense. Let us assume—for purposes of illustration—that Senators Hruska and Curtis believed Nixon should be ousted, but that the voters of Nebraska were adamantly opposed to his ouster: how should they vote? There are two schools of thought, one of them plebiscitarian, the other the correct one. Nixon will be tried, and should be, by senators who have been elected not to transcribe the will of the people, but to serve the people according to the senators' best lights. If the people then desire to punish a senator as they punished Senator Ross for casting the deciding vote for Andrew Johnson, that is the people's privilege, but it ought not to be confused with the privilege to put pressure on individual senators.

I should think it prudent, accordingly, for each senator to get up something of a personal statement concerning his own feelings on these questions and perhaps specifying procedures. He might say—for instance—that he will take into account what he believes to be the entire national question: are we bent on regicide of sorts? And can we know what the consequences of it are? And is there a Cromwell in the shadows?

And, the senator may say: I have instructed my staff to keep from my desk any communication urging upon me a course of action. On the other hand, I have asked my staff to cull arguments unusually stated or arrestingly arranged which might help me crystallize my position. But these arguments will be abstracted from letters, telegrams, telephone messages, etc. and put on my desk unattached to the name of the sender.

When one sits down to make not only a judicial but a moral judgment, one takes special care, or should, that one has taken the spiritual exercises appropriate to equip one to play that role. □

POLYGRAPH, ANYONE? *New York*, Aug. 1—Every now and again, you hear talk about lie detector tests. It lasts for a while, and then usually subsides. Talk of it is an expression of a general mood of skepticism.

It is now revealed that in a moment of acute concern over the apparent disestablishment of government secrecy, President Nixon summoned two aides and suggested that they come up with a classification so secret that only numbered copies of the supercharged documents would be put into circulation, to men and women whose names were recorded. Then if a particular secret leaked, everyone whose name appeared in the ledger as having had knowledge of that document would be lined up, as if to receive a vaccination from a doctor, and given a lie detector test. The idea, as we know, did not flower. Instead, a few taps were installed, and the Plumbers were recruited.

A few weeks ago Dr. William Shockley wrote to make a quite startling proposal. We were to engage in an exchange of opinion on television, and he suggested that before the program begin, he be wired up by a polygraph expert. It would require then only a short explanation to the viewing audience that if they saw the indicator humming along behind Dr. Shockley, out of his line of sight while he spoke, suddenly bolt up across the solid line, why then Dr. Shockley was telling an untruth. I did not invite Dr. Shockley to make the arrangements because I do not see that "truth" or "untruth" enters into what Dr. Shockley was invited to discuss. But the idea intrigues me, and one naturally wonders about its practicality.

One recalls a year ago the appearance of Patrick Buchanan before the Ervin Committee. The press had widely

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publicized, on the shortest notice, his impending appearance before the Committee, attributing a feast of misdeeds to him about which he would be challenged. Those leaks came from someone on the Committee, and one wonders what would have been the reaction of Chairman Sam Ervin to an invitation to submit the Committee members, and the chief of staff, there and then, to a polygraph.

The main trouble, of course, is that to ask someone to do it is to register your disinclination to take his word for something. I take it that a more sophisticated trouble is that some people do not react as neatly to a polygraph as others. This is so less in response to such questions as, did you rob the bank? than to such questions as, did you leak the information about Agnew to the press? The mind is infinitely subtle, and one supposes that a practiced self-server would quickly decide that "leak" was not the right word for what he had done: and so on. So that we probably will not arrive at a handy mechanical means by which to judge whether people who do not know what the truth is are telling the truth.

Which means that we shall have to rely on evidence. Which means that such evidence has got to be collected. Which means sleuthing. And surveillance. And, yes, under certain circumstances, bugging. One wonders: would it be more or less humiliating to a member of the staff of the National Security Council to be told that his telephone would be tapped (by a bonded tapper), or that he would be expected to take a polygraph test once a month and reply to specific questions?

THE CHALLENGE, of course, is to avoid having to do either. And here, it seems to me, one has to face the consequences of the press laws, which are in shambles. On the one hand, the Supreme Court has said that reporters are not immune from having to answer questions relating to their sources. On the other hand, with insignificant exceptions the reporters, and their publishers, get away with publishing secret testimony and unsubstantiated allegations. The damage to the national security cannot be undone. Damage to individual reputations cannot be atoned for until the Supreme Court does something about the reigning conundrum. On the one hand, a public figure cannot sue for libel unless he proves that the publisher proceeded in reckless disregard of the known fact (extremely hard to do); on the other hand, even if he proves this, the Supreme Court is reluctant to permit the award of reasonable punitive damages. This means that the damaged public figure has no practical recourse. And all this because the Court desires that the public discourse should be vigorous and robust! Indeed, and it may grow so much so in that direction that sensitive people will begin to move in droves away from public life, and back to the farms. That is the mood, when people suggest that lie detector tests be standard equipment on talk shows. Come to think of it, maybe SONY could merchandise an attachment which would let us flick on a Truth Switch when listening to our favorite news commentator or politician. If he turns red on the screen, he is fibbing. But that is for Walker Percy's next novel. □

HOW TO ARGUE ABOUT ABORTION

New York, July 26 —There is room for passion in almost every argument, but there is room, too, for dispassion, and those arguments overfreighted with passion tend only to polarize the combatants and tune out those who do not care.

The arguments over abortion have been in this category, and it is a pity. Indeed it may very well be more than a pity, a tragedy: if the moral analysis of the anti-abortionists finally prevails upon the national ethos. The arguments over slavery used to be full of passion, and resulted in a civil war. Even so, there were those who were patiently making the rational points on the basis of which the great insight was finally established. Lincoln, debating with Douglas, for instance. And in due course we came to know not only that man was born to be free, but that men brought over in ships from Africa with black skins, were also men: and born to be free. The Civil War settled the political issue. The arguments of Lincoln and others, resting on a distinguished moral and philosophical patrimony, clinched the moral case.

I have seen I think the very first attempt to talk about abortion that manages to avoid every one of the blood-curdling clichés used both by those who believe in abortion and those who oppose it. It is a most remarkable essay by John T. Noonan Jr., and it is entitled, "How to Argue about Abortion."

John Noonan is a professor of philosophy and of law at the University of California, Berkeley, and he shows us here how a subject as sundering as abortion *can* be discussed. What to look for. What the relevant perceptions are. What at all costs to avoid. What are the implications of certain modes or arguments. It is not only a distinguished performance, it is a beautiful performance, and although the pamphlet sells for one dollar, I'll send it to anyone who wants it for nothing, if you will write me at P.O. Box 574, Murray Hill Station, New York 10016. Just say: "Please send me Noonan pamphlet."

PROFESSOR Noonan does some truly marvelous things in a few thousand words. He examines, for instance, the role of perception in the controversy in question. I have myself gagged over the anti-abortion material that features pictures of fetuses. I have also gagged at pictures of war that feature mangled corpses. I have always assumed that the reaction of horror and disgust was philosophically irrelevant. Noonan shows, without drawing the same analogy, why in fact it is not. Why in fact perception means so very much in modern intercourse. . . .

> Perception of fetuses is possible with no substantially greater effort than that required to pierce the physical or psychological barriers to recognizing other human beings. The main difficulty is everyone's reluctance to accept the extra burdens of care imposed by an expansion of the numbers in whom humanity is recognized. It is generally more convenient to have to consider only one's kin, one's peers, one's country, one's race. Seeing requires personal attention and personal response. The emotion generated by identification with a human form is necessary to overcome the inertia which is protected by a vision restricted to a convenient group.
>
> If one is willing to undertake the risk that more will be required in one's action, fetuses may be seen in multiple ways—circumstantially, by the observation of a pregnant woman; photographically, by pictures of life in the womb; scientifically, in accounts written by investigators of prenatal life and child psychologists; visually, by observing a blood transfusion or an abortion while the fetus is alive or by examination of a fetal corpse after death. The proponent of abortion is invited to consider the organism kicking the mother, swimming peacefully in amniotic fluid, responding to the prick of an instrument, being extracted from the womb, sleeping in death. Is the kicker or swimmer similar to him or to her? Is the response to pain like his or hers? Will his or her own face look much different in death?

There is something close to moral and psychological poetry in this passage, and throughout the pamphlet, which friends and foes of abortion will join in acclaiming. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A device used to expand the dental arch (or John F. Kennedy's men in World War II) — 36 11 33 24 1 84 50 68 18

B. Cerebral automatism — 15 69 51 79 12 75 165 125

C. Hemorrhage into the anterior chamber of the eye — 104 99 67 19 126 91 34

D. Neoarsphenamine — 108 8 40 49 110 53 100 117 137 150 153 173

E. A musical interval embracing a certain number of diatonic degrees — 132 70 149 92 76 4 152

F. Cephalagia — 138 176 20 28 201 9 171 186

G. An Arabian physician (1162-1231) — 143 167 178 26 35 42 95 103 114 160

H. A felon — 170 185 23 116 46 37 192

I. Composed of fine flaxlike threads — 120 65 80 141 156 163 172 146 38 144

J. Protected against any particular disease — 5 154 199 168 112 25

K. A close-fitting garment worn by acrobats, dancers, and aerialists — 22 131 118 85 41 57 71

L. The purified internal fat of the hog's abdomen — 27 161 94 78

M. A condition marked by pronounced deviation from the normal healthy state — 32 64 98 182 139 6 14

N. A judge endowed with gravity wouldn't call this unconstitutional — 60 17 63 81 88 93 123 203 3 180

O. A budlike body or structure — 77 62 16 29 107

P. A genus of boraginaceous plants — 86 177 72 129 189 204 7 119 140

Q. The hard framework of the animal body — 89 48 30 121 105 145 179 61

R. Subject to change — 115 122 194 174 181 196 59 52 164

S. A European city; what an Englishman might call a certain laboratory experimental animal's mother — 148 87 10 183 102 82 113 193 106

T. Having a desire for drink — 151 175 73 130 43 90 191

U. The part of an elephant used to make billiard balls — 47 135 124 96 158

V. An instrument used to measure chest expansion — 58 2 13 21 147 159 187 190 195 198 39

W. Choked — 127 197 134 44 184 188 54 97 109

X. Without any question — 111 74 31 133 155 202

Y. An agent that depresses intestinal motility — 162 128 157 169 83 55 136

Z. A ketohexose, $CH^2OH(CHOH)^3CO.CH^2OH$ resembling levulose in its properties — 101 142 45 200 66 166 56

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 940 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 A	2 V	3 N	4 E	5 J	6 M	7 P	8 D	9 F	10 S		11 A	12 B	13 V		14 M
15 B	16 O	17 N	18 A	19 C	20 F	21 V		22 K	23 H	24 A	25 J		26 G	27 L	28 F		29 O
30 Q	31 X	32 M	33 A	34 C	35 G		36 A	37 H	38 I	39 V	40 D	41 K	42 G	43 T		44 W	45 Z
	46 H	47 U	48 Q	49 D		50 A	51 B	52 R	53 D	54 W	55 Y	56 Z	57 K	58 V		59 R	60 N
	61 Q	62 O	63 N	64 M	65 I		66 Z	67 C	68 A	69 B	70 E	71 K		72 P	73 T	74 X	75 B
76 E	77 O		78 L	79 B	80 I	81 N	82 S	83 Y	84 A	85 K	86 P		87 S	88 N	89 Q	90 T	
91 C	92 E	93 N		94 L	95 G	96 U	97 W	98 M	99 C		100D	101Z	102S		103G	104C	105Q
106S		107O	108D	109W		110D	111X	112J	113S		114G	115R		116H	117D	118K	119P
120I	121Q	122R	123N	124U	125B	126C		127W	128Y		129P	130T	131K	132E	133X	134W	135U
136Y		137D	138F	139M	140P		141I	142Z		143G	144I		145Q	146I		147V	148S
149E	150D		151T	152E	153D	154J		155X	156I	157Y	158U		159V	160G		161L	162Y
163I	164R	165B	166Z		167G	168J	169Y		170H	171F	172I	173D		174R	175T	176F	177P
	178G	179Q		180N	181R	182M	183S		184W	185H	186F	187V		188W	189P	190V	191T
	192H	193S	194R	195V		196R	197W	198V	199J		200Z	201F	202X	203N	204P		

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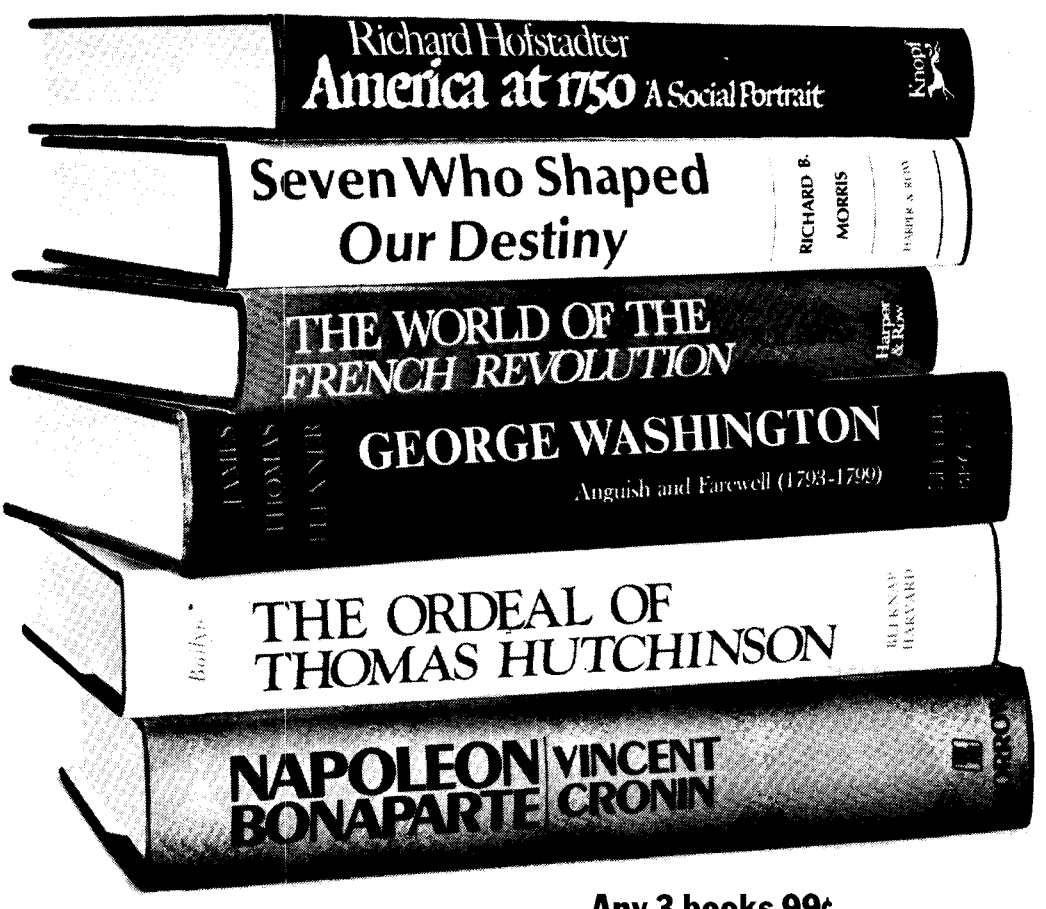

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